# LONDON IN 7 DAYS

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# LONDON IN SEVEN DAYS

## A GUIDE FOR PEOPLE IN A HURRY

THE SCEPTIC. *By GEORGE BELCHER.*

"'Wot?' I sez. 'London in seven days?' I sez. 'W'y,' I sez. 'I been livin' in London this forty year,' I sez, 'but I daresay there's parts of it *even I* never seen!'"

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A GUIDE FOR PEOPLE IN A HURRY

By
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*With a Frontispiece by GEORGE BELCHER*

AND FOUR MAPS

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TO

GEORGE BELCHER, Esq.

OF 6, WILLIAM STREET, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, W.

HIMSELF A LONDONER,

WHOSE KNOWLEDGE OF LONDON LIFE
(AS HIS FRONTISPIECE SHOWS) IS BOTH
INTIMATE AND KINDLY, THIS GUIDE IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR

# FOREWORD

Relatives have a knack of being exacting, and I was more than a little alarmed when my uncle and aunt requested that I should show them the sights of London in seven days, which was all the time they had to spare.

Particularly wishing to please them, I planned out a programme for the week, to include everything that is most interesting and characteristic in London, and I endeavoured neither to overcrowd the days nor to make them too monotonous. Fortunately, my relatives were satisfied with my efforts.

I venture, therefore, to set down here a faithful record of our seven days' sightseeing, for the assistance both of other visitors and of Londoners who wish to take their holidays at home.

*The restaurants herein mentioned, in the choice of which especial care has been taken, are selected solely on their merits and for no other consideration whatever.*

# MONDAY

We met in good time on Monday morning, my uncle and aunt and I, at Piccadilly Circus, and I suggested that we commence our tour of London with a walk through the West End and Mayfair, passing through some of the more interesting and fashionable parts of the town.

Piccadilly Circus itself, I pointed out, is the centre of the "West End." Upper and Lower Regent Street, Piccadilly, Glasshouse Street, Shaftesbury Avenue (the street of theatres), Coventry Street (with the trees of Leicester Square visible beyond it) and the Haymarket, all radiate from here. We stood beside the Cupid Statue and the flower-sellers in the centre of the Circus to watch the busy scene, and then crossed the road into Piccadilly itself. Strolling along it we passed the handsome St. James's Church, built by Wren in 1682, with its paved courtyard and open-air pulpit. A little further on we came to the Albany, the famous bachelor chambers, where Byron, Bulwer Lytton, Macaulay, Canning and Gladstone lived in their time. The big house next to it is Burlington House, now occupied by the Royal Academy (which

holds its exhibition of painting and sculpture here every summer) and other learned societies.

I led my relatives round into Burlington Arcade, the covered passage which houses so many excellent shops; we came out at the other end into Burlington Gardens and, to the left, into Bond Street, the most famous of all London's shopping centres. The shop-windows held our attention for some little time, and then we crossed the street and took our way through Bruton Street into the green and shady Berkeley Square, where almost every house has its associations. In No. 11 Horace Walpole lived and died; in No. 14, and No. 48 as well, Lord Brougham resided; No. 17 was the home of Lord Rowton, the philanthropist; Lord Rosebery's house is No. 38, and Lord Queenborough's No. 39; at No. 45 Clive shot himself in 1774; and William Pitt lived for a time at No. 47. On the south side of the square lies Lansdowne House, the property of the Marquess of Lansdowne but now occupied by Mr. Selfridge, the founder of the Oxford Street stores.

We crossed the square and turned along Hill Street (No. 6, the Dowager Marchioness of Tweeddale; No 8, The Mackintosh of Mackintosh; No. 13 Lord Penrhyn), which brought us to South Audley Street, which we crossed into Deanery Street, all of these lined with distinctive and fashionable town houses. Deanery Street at once came out into Park Lane,

the richest residential street in the world. In front of us was the Stanhope Gate of Hyde Park; and on the right was the massive front of Dorchester House, well-known to Americans as the residence of the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid when ambassador here. We turned into Great Stanhope Street, at the bottom of which we had a fine view of Chesterfield House, the town residence of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, famous too as the place where Lord Chesterfield wrote his Letters. Keeping to the right we came to Curzon Street opposite the house where Disraeli died. This is the real centre of Mayfair, so named, I explained, from a fair which used to be held here for many centuries but was suppressed in the reign of George III. Passing down Curzon Street (Lord Reading's London house is No. 32) we had a good view of the enormous back of Chesterfield House, and then came to Crewe House, a charming old residence standing in its own grounds. It was built by an architect named Shepherd, who gave his name to "Shepherd Market," the quaint old-world place we now entered through an archway a little further along on the opposite side of the road, next to a beautifully proportioned house, also built by Shepherd, the ground floor of which is now occupied by a firm of decorators.

My uncle and aunt were amazed to find this curious village tucked away in the heart of London, and they peered with delight at the

old-fashioned shops and the cobbled market-place. This was the actual site of the May Fair ; here are Ducking Pond Mews, where in the old days one might see ducks put in a pond and hunted by the dogs that were sent in after them ; and there are many other little bye-ways in the Market that well repay investigation. However, we had not too much time to spare if we were to carry out the rest of our programme ; so, returning from the market-place through another arch-way into Curzon Street, we passed on to the Christian Science Church, cleverly planned by its architect to dominate the approach from Half Moon Street, along which we turned. I told my relatives that the street was named after a tavern that has long ago disappeared, and that Boswell, Hazlitt and Shelley were the predecessors of the present fashionable residents. Half Moon Street brought us out into Piccadilly again, almost opposite the gates of Devonshire House, which were set up in the Green Park railings soon after the old house, further up Piccadilly, on the left, came into the market in 1919. This is the gates' fourth resting place ; they were originally designed by Inigo Jones for a house in Chelsea, whence they were removed to Chiswick and later to Devonshire House.

We had a fine view here up and down Piccadilly, and then, entering Green Park by the little entrance opposite Half Moon Street, we walked straight across it. The lofty tower of

# HYDE PARK, WEST END, ETC.

the Roman Catholic cathedral rose on our right, above the massive roof of Buckingham Palace, in front of which we soon emerged. The Royal Standard flying on the flagstaff showed us that the King was in residence; and, as we arrived between 10.30 and 11.30, we were able to witness part of the picturesque ceremony of changing the guard, which takes place instead in the courtyard of St. James's Palace when the King or Queen is not in residence at Buckingham Palace. We gave a glance at the far from beautiful memorial to Queen Victoria which occupies the open space before the Palace, and turned to our right to look up Constitution Hill, a fine thoroughfare which leads up to the triumphal arch at Hyde Park Corner surmounted by the statue of Peace in her Chariot. It was in Constitution Hill, I reminded my relatives, that three attempts were made on Queen Victoria's life (in 1840, 1842 and 1849) and Sir Robert Peel sustained fatal injuries by a fall from his horse (1850). Turning about, we could see the towers of the Houses of Parliament rising over the trees of St. James's Park. We now turned along the Mall, immediately in front of the Palace, and gazed up it to the Admiralty Arch, built in 1910. Walking for a couple of minutes along the Mall, we turned in through an opening on the left which brought us to Stable Yard, in the precincts of St. James's Palace, the main buildings of which were on our right, while on

the left was Lancaster House (formerly Stafford House) in which the London Museum is housed.

This we now proposed to visit. Entering it, I asked my relatives if they would permit me to conduct them to a few of the most interesting exhibits, leaving the others until such time as they might return to London with more time to spare. They agreed to this, and we arranged to follow the same procedure in the other museums and galleries we were to visit.

First we went down into the basement and looked at the delightful models of Old London Bridge, Old Cheapside, Old Charing Cross, Old St. Paul's and the others. There is a particularly pleasant atmosphere about the London Museum ; it is extraordinarily interesting and well-arranged and there is not the stuffiness so often associated with Museums. It was indeed for this reason that I chose it as the first exhibition for my relatives to visit, in order that they might start off with a pleasant notion of our London museums. Then we walked along the corridor to see the remains of the Roman Galley that were discovered when the foundations of the new County Hall were being dug near Westminster Bridge. Next came the reproduction of an old prison—a terrible glimpse into the past—and a number of curious announcements of " Horrible Murders " and dying confessions of the same period. We did not stay long here, much as we should have liked to, but ascended to the first floor of the

building to see the cases of old court dresses and many other exhibits. It was a difficult task to bring my relatives through the museum at all; they wanted to stop there for hours, so interesting did they find the relics of old London; but at last after a pleasant hour we came out again into Stable Yard which is also part of old London.

We now passed into the equally beautiful old Ambassador's Court. I told my relatives that some of these glorious palace buildings were probably a thousand years old; Henry VIII, Edward VI, Elizabeth, and Mary lived here; Charles I attended the Chapel on the morning of his execution; George III was married and George IV born here; William IV lived in the palace; Edward VII and the present King took the oaths here on their accession to the throne, and the Prince of Wales has his home in a portion of it. Such dignitaries as the Poet Laureate, the Examiner of Plays and " the Keeper of the Swans " have their offices here, and well-polished brass plates told us the names of other distinguished residents of the old buildings. We passed out into the sunlight through an archway and found immediately on our right the four hundred year old Gatehouse, with its four towers and wooden doors, before which sentries were keeping guard. We stopped to look down Pall Mall, the street of clubs and offices, and then crossed into St. James's Street. Here too

are many clubs, the descendants of famous old taverns. Between some old-fashioned shops we entered a passage (at No. 3), which led us into Pickering Place, a courtyard surrounded on three sides by old houses which used to be the residence of some of the maids of honour in attendance at the neighbouring palace. My uncle and aunt were delighted at the antique atmosphere of the courtyard, with its sundial and an old bas-relief outside the house which was once inhabited by the Lady Hamilton whom Nelson loved.

Returning to the comparative modernity of St. James's Street, we took the first turning to the right into King Street. On the right we noticed another piece of old London—a narrow passage of shops called Crown Court, while on the other side of the road we saw Christie's, the famous auction rooms. King Street brought us out into St. James's Square with its charming gardens and a statue to William III. I told my relatives how during the War the gardens were covered by the "Washington Inn" where American officers were entertained, and how the temporary buildings were so constructed as not to injure the trees or the statue itself. The houses of the square are of much interest. Norfolk House (No. 31), was the old residence of the Dukes of Norfolk; next door, No. 32, was occupied from 1771 until 1919 by the Bishops of London as a town residence; No. 8, now the Sports Club, was

once Josiah Wedgwood's showroom for his pottery (1796–1830); No. 10 has been occupied by three Premiers—Lord Chatham (1757–1761) Lord Derby (1837–1854) and Mr. Gladstone (1890); the famous London Library, the largest lending library in England, is housed at No. 14; and many of the other mansions too have interesting historical associations. Lady Astor's residence is No. 4; the Earl of Strafford's, No. 5; Lord Kinnaird's, No. 10; and the Duke of Hamilton's No. 19.

We left St. James's Square by Charles Street, which quickly brought us to Lower Regent Street, down which we turned towards the Crimean Memorial with the statues of Florence Nightingale and Sydney Herbert, Secretary for War during the Crimean campaign. Here we crossed Pall Mall again, with the Athenæum Club on the right at the further side, and came to an interesting group of statues—King Edward VII; Captain Scott, the Antarctic explorer—this statue the work of his widow; Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, and others. Above us towered the Duke of York's Column, erected in 1833 in honour of George III's second son. Here is Carlton House Terrace, a most fashionable street, of which No. 9, adjoining the Steps, is now occupied by the German Embassy. Looking along the Terrace on the left we had a fine and unexpected view of the top of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square.

Descending the Steps we came again to the Mall, with its fine vista of Buckingham Palace. In front of us stretched the Horse Guards' Parade, with the Foreign Office, the Prime Minister's house and other notable buildings at the far end; but as we proposed to visit these on the following day, we now turned to the left towards the Admiralty Arch.

"You have seen some of our statues which are not particularly fine," I said to my relatives, "will you allow me now to take you a few yards out of our way and show you one that is really worth seeing?"

They assented and I took them along the back of the Admiralty until we came, quite soon, to a charming statue of James II in ancient dress, by Grinling Gibbons. This, they agreed, was well worth going out of our way to see. We sat down under the trees in front of it for a few moments, and then I suggested that we should have lunch. I led my relatives back in the direction from which we had come; but, before we reached the Mall again, we turned off sharp to the right along the Admiralty wall, leaving the Admiralty Arch on our left. A few steps brought us to the back entrance of the old "Ship" restaurant, where we lunched at a table on the first floor from which we could see the busy throng of people hurrying past.

After lunch we left by the front door of the "Ship" and came at once to Trafalgar Square.

The Nelson Monument, over 140 feet in height (erected in 1843), held my relatives' attention at first; and then the four vast lions beneath it designed by Landseer. I told them that the plinth of the column is the speakers' place at the demonstrations for which Trafalgar Square is famous. The Nelson Monument, I added, is always decorated on Trafalgar Day, October 21st. I urged them not to spend time on the statues of generals and others scattered about the square, but instead to admire the beautiful equestrian statue of Charles I at the head of Whitehall. I quoted some of Lionel Johnson's verses upon the statue to them :—

> " . . . Comely and calm, he rides
> Hard by his own Whitehall;
> Only the night wind glides;
> No crowds, nor rebels, brawl. . . .
>
> " Which are more full of fate:
> The stars; or those sad eyes?
> Which are more still and great:
> Those brows; or the dark skies? . . .
>
> " Armoured he rides, his head
> Bare to the stars of doom:
> He triumphs now, the dead,
> Beholding London's gloom. . . ."

Then I told them how the statue was cast in 1633, but had not been erected when the Civil War broke out. The victorious Roundheads sold it for its mere value as metal to a brazier, who concealed it until the Restoration, when, in 1674, it was set up at Charing Cross. Every

January 30th, the anniversary of Charles's execution, a wreath is laid at the foot of the statue by the modern partisans of the Jacobites. We stood beneath the Nelson Column and looked around us. In the one direction was Whitehall; then came Northumberland Avenue; further round was the beginning of the Strand, and Charing Cross; still further round was the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where Nell Gwyn was buried in 1687. Under the church are recreation rooms and a boxing ring for local boys, and the church is left open at nights for destitute people to sleep in. Beyond it we saw St. Martin's Lane and the dome of the Coliseum variety theatre. Then at the head of the square there was the long front of the National Gallery, which we were proposing to visit. On the left of this was the entrance to Pall Mall, separated by the Union Club from Cockspur Street, with its shipping offices and a view of the fashionable Carlton Hotel and Restaurant.

Below the parapet on the north side of the square the Standard British Measures are set out in the stone; but we were not much interested in these, except as an almost unknown curiosity of London. Before entering the National Gallery we glanced at the statue of Washington (unveiled in 1921, a replica in bronze of the original at Richmond, Virginia), and far away on the left the equestrian statue of George III—a piece of unconscious irony,

we thought, that these two statues should be neighbours.

Then we entered the National Gallery, and once again I tried to show my relatives just a few of the more remarkable of the beautiful things to be seen. I had taken care to make several preliminary calls in anticipation of their coming, and after much difficulty—for there are so many wonderful pictures there—I made a list of what seemed to me the most interesting works that they could admire in a short visit. Of course, they stopped in front of many pictures that attracted them on their way through the various rooms, but the list I made seemed to be a useful nucleus.

Entering the gallery we ascended the steps opposite the doors and came to the Italians, in Room I, where on the left is the wonderful battle-piece by *Uccello* (who was born in 1397 and died in 1475), entitled "The Rout of San Romano" (the picture is numbered 583). Passing into the small Room 2 on the left we found the "The Virgin and child" (275) by *Botticelli* (1444–1510). On the right in Room 29 we saw another picture by the same artist, "Mars and Venus with Satyrs" (915); *Correggio's* (1494–1534) "Venus, Mercury and Cupid" (10); the "Portrait of a Sculptor" (690) by *Andrea del Sarto* (1486–1531); "The Entombment" (790) by *Michel Angelo* (1475–1564); and "Venus, Cupid, Folly and Time" (651) by *Bronzino* (1502–1572).

We returned to the central room and passed through on the left to Room 5, where hangs the beautiful "Madonna of the Rocks" (1093) by *Leonardo da Vinci* (1452–1519). In the next room, No. 6, we were faced by two superb portraits, the one of "Sultan Mohammed II" (3099) by *Gentile Bellini* (1426–1507), the other, on its right, of "The Doge Loredano of Venice" (189) by the last painter's brother, *Giovanni Bellini* (1428–1516). On the right are "The Vision of St. Eustace" (1436) by *Pisano* (1380–1451), a beautiful animal piece, and next to it, "The Agony in the Garden" (1417) by *Mantegna* (1431–1506).

We came now to Room 7, where on the right we found "Bacchus and Ariadne" (35) by *Titian* (1477–1576) and, in the middle of the other wall, "The Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander the Great" (294) by *Veronese* (1528–1588).

Returning again to Room 1 we entered Room 3 on the left, where is "The Return of Ulysses to Penelope" (911) by *Pinturicchio* (1454–1513). In the next room, No. 4, we stopped before "The Virgin, St. Joseph and the Shepherds adoring the Saviour" (1441) by *Perugino* (1446–1523). Turning to the left under the dome in the next gallery we reached Room 8, with the famous Ansedei *Raphael* (1483–1520) of the Madonna (1171). In Room 11, on the left as we turned, is the "St. Sebastian" (669) by *Ortolano* (died in 1525).

We returned to the room under the dome and on the left was Room 16 with "The Assumption" (1126) by *Botticini* (1446–1497).

We now came to the Flemish Schools with, in Room 15, "Arnolfini and his Wife" (186) by *Van Eyck* (1385–1441) and "The Adoration of the Kings" (3556) by *Brueghel* (1530–1569); in Room 14 are "The Judgment of Paris" (194) by *Rubens* (1577–1640), and, by *Van Dyck* (1599–1641), the "Balbi Children" (lent by Lady Lucas) and "George and Francis Villiers" (3605), a recent acquisition.

Further on, in Room 12, is the Dutch School; and we saw "The Lady at the Virginals" (1383) by *Vermeer* (1632–1675); the "Old Lady" (1675) and "The Woman taken in Adultery" (45) by *Rembrandt* (1606–1669); and the "Avenue at Middleharnis" (830) by *Hobbema* (1638–1709).

Returning across the second Flemish room we came to Room 17, with the Spaniards, and we noted especially No. 1457, "Christ driving the Traders from the Temple," by *El Greco* (1545–1614); two pictures by *Velasquez* (1599–1660)—"Venus and Cupid" (2057) and "Philip IV" (745); and the portrait of "Dr. Peral" (1951) by *Goya* (1746–1828).

Now we passed across the hall of the gallery to the French pictures in Rooms 20 and 21, with, in the former, "The Embarkation of St. Ursula" (30) and "Aeneas at Delos" (1018) by *Claude* (1600-1682), and, in the latter, two

pictures relating to the execution of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico—"The Firing Party" (3294 A) and "The Soldier" (3294 B) by *Manet* (1832–1883). We turned back to Room 19, with the work of the German school, and there we stopped before two pictures by *Holbein* (1497–1543)—"The Duchess of Milan" (2475) and "The Ambassadors" (1374).

In Room 24 at the end of the building we found some works of the English schools, notably "Mousehold Heath" (689) by *Crome* (1768–1821); "Spithead" (481) by *Turner* (1775–1851); and "The Hay Wain" (1207), by Constable (1776–1837). In Room 25 adjoining we looked at "The Shrimp Girl" (1162) by *Hogarth* (1697–1764); "Heads of Angels" (182) by *Reynolds* (1723–1792); "Mrs. Siddons" (683) by *Gainsborough* (1727–1788); the "Lady and child" (1667) by *Romney* (1757–1827); and *Van Dyck's* famous equestrian portrait of "Charles I" (1172).

After we had looked at these pictures, standing before each as long as we dared, I conducted my relatives round the corner of the National Gallery to St. Martin's Place, in the centre of which stands the statue of Edith Cavell; my aunt was much impressed with the simplicity of the inscription, but my uncle said with indignation that he had heard at his hotel that this statue is the centre of the cocaine traffic in London.

I thought that my relatives should now

visit the National Portrait Gallery, which was but a few steps away; for this, as for the National Gallery, I had compiled a list of the most interesting pictures; this, however, I was able to make considerably longer, as our visit would naturally be one more of inspection than admiration. It was as follows: –

### Historical Portraits

*Top Floor, Room* 1.—Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary.

*Top Floor, Room* 2.—The "Chandos" Shakespeare, Ben Jonson.

*Top Floor, Room* 3.—Duke of Buckingham, Francis Bacon, James I.

*Top Floor, Room* 4.—"Old Parr" (who lived to the age of 152 years.)

*Top Floor, Room* 5.—Children of Charles I, Van Dyck (self-portrait), Sir Kenelm Digby.

*Top Floor, Room* 6.—Cromwell, Milton, Hampden, Izaak Walton.

*Top Floor, Room* 7.—Charles II, Nell Gwyn, Duke of Monmouth, Bunyan, Dryden, Pepys.

*Top Floor, Room* 8.—William III, James II, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Isaac Newton, Judge Jeffreys.

*Top Floor, Room* 9.—Swift, Addison, Pope, Earl of Chesterfield, John Gay (author of "The Beggar's Opera"), Queen Anne, Duke of Marlborough, George I, George II.

*Top Floor, Room* 10.—Wesley, Sir Hans Sloane, Handel, Hogarth (self-portrait), Richardson, Smollett, Peg Woffington.

*Top Floor, Room* 11.—Warren Hastings, William Pitt, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Burke, Fox, Wellington, George III, Clive, Wolfe, Nelson.

*Top Floor, Room* 12.—Burns, Samuel Johnson, Boswell, Garrick, Cowper (by Romney), Morland (self-portrait), Reynolds (self-portrait).

On the first floor we lingered on the "Royal Landing," with portraits of the royal family. In rooms 25, 26 and 27 were numerous portraits of distinguished men and women of the last century, and in Room 30 we saw "Some Sea Officers of the Great War." It would be impossible to mention all the portraits of interest, and our stay was conditioned only by the time at our disposal before the Gallery closed. When we were warned that it was time to leave, we decided to return to my relatives' hotel in order that they might snatch a short rest before dinner and the theatre.

"Where shall we go to dinner?" I asked them when they had got home. "Would you

like to go to one of the fashionable restaurants, such as the Metropole, the Carlton, the Ritz, the Cecil, or the Piccadilly; or, if you would prefer something rather more cosmopolitan and less exacting in the way of dress, there is the Café Royal in Regent Street."

They said they would prefer the last-named, so we went into the long room on the ground floor of this well-known restaurant, where there were as usual an amusing company of Bohemians of all types and many other people who had come, as we had, partly for the fun of seeing these "lions" feed. The dinner was French and excellent, and, as the theatre was near, we strolled along on foot to Piccadilly Circus and Shaftesbury Avenue, seeing the night side of the London streets at its most picturesque.

# TUESDAY

Trafalgar Square was our rendezvous this morning, as we proposed to visit Whitehall and Westminster. We met beneath the Nelson Monument and started down Whitehall, while I explained to my relatives that the big clock-tower looming up before us was Big Ben—the famous timekeeper of the Parliament buildings. "By rights," I said, "it is only the bell inside the tower, on which the hours are struck, which should be called 'Big Ben,' it being named after Sir Benjamin Hall, the First Commissioner of Works when it was hung; but popular usage has given this name to the whole tower."

We passed the "Ship" where we had lunched on the previous day, and then, on the other side of the street, Great Scotland Yard, the narrow turning in which the Metropolitan Police used to have its headquarters. We came next to the Admiralty, with its aerials that are in direct wireless communication with the Continent and the ships of the Fleet. On the other side of the road is the massive War Office (no longer so busy in appearance as during the War), with an equestrian statue of the Duke of Cambridge standing before the

main entrance. Looking down the turning just before it, we had a fine view of the dome of St. Paul's in the distance. Recruiting posters on the walls made us aware that we were approaching another military building and we now reached the famous Horse Guards, with two mounted guardsmen on duty at the gates and a couple of dismounted men inside. As we stood there the horsemen were relieved by another pair; had we come at 11 o'clock, we should have seen the whole guard changed, a picturesque ceremony.

We entered the big gate and passed through the vaulted arch-way, coming out in full view of the Horse Guards Parade. In front was the green expanse of St. James's Park with its lake and its pelicans and the refreshment kiosk which has been in the possession of one family for generations and from which the Government recently tried in vain to evict them. On our right were the Duke of York's column, the New Admiralty building and a statue of Lord Wolseley; on our left, a small distance away, were the Treasury, the garden wall of the Prime Minister's residence in Downing Street with its green trees, and beyond these the tall mass of the Foreign Office.

Returning to Whitehall, we crossed the road to the Banqueting Hall, all that is left of the old Palace of Whitehall; there is a tablet under a window, easily read from the street, which tells us that Charles I stepped out to the

scaffold here in 1649. This building now houses the Royal United Services Museum; two men dressed, the one in the uniform of a sailor, and the other in that of a soldier of a hundred years ago are usually on duty at the entrance, in front of the curiously carved figurehead of an old battleship, the "Orion." We entered the museum, not intending, of course, to stay very long. But we saw the models of the Battles of Waterloo and Trafalgar, the latter standing on a table made of oak from Nelson's ship, the *Victory*, as well as some delightful models of old ships—such models, my uncle told me, are now eagerly sought after by collectors—and, in the basement, some interesting objects from more recent wars.

Leaving the Banqueting Hall, we continued down Whitehall, having the Scottish Office, a long squat building, on our right and Gwydyr House (Ministry of Transport) on our left. Lying back on the left is Montagu House, commandeered during the War and now permanently a Government office (Ministry of Labour). We crossed the road to the Privy Council building and the Treasury, and turned in, past an ugly wooden hoarding that was erected to keep out Sinn Fein and unemployed demonstrations a year or so ago, to Downing Street, where are the official residences of the Prime Minister (No. 10), the Chancellor of the Exchequer (No. 11) and the Government Whips (No. 12). It is a small street, flanked

on the opposite side by the vast building which houses the Foreign, Colonial, Home, and India Offices. A pleasing glance at the Horse Guards' Parade is to be had through the archway under the passage connecting the Treasury with the Chancellor's residence. As we came up the street a stir among the people standing in the roadway heralded the appearance of the Prime Minister and his private secretary at the door of his house, whence they emerged into a motor-car, much to the delight of my relatives.

We returned to Whitehall and stood for a few moments before the Cenotaph erected in 1919 as a monument to " The Glorious Dead " in the Great War. My uncle stood with doffed hat while my aunt reverently read the inscriptions upon some of the wreaths that were piled at its base. We walked on, Whitehall now becoming Parliament Street, and after passing the Ministry of Health, we came to Parliament Square. The Houses of Parliament were to the left of us, overtopped by Big Ben ; before us was St. Margaret's, a fashionable church for weddings, while behind it was the famous Westminster Abbey. Over Westminster Bridge we could catch a glimpse of the new London County Council Hall, one of the few new official buildings in London which can be said to add to the beauty of the city. Parliament was sitting, as the flag over Big Ben (replaced by a light at night) showed us, and

there was consequently no hope of visiting the Houses until Saturday morning ; we intended however, to have a look at the Abbey and St. Margaret's, but before we did so, we went on the bridge to see the view.

My uncle quoted Wordworth's lines written on Westminster Bridge :—

> " . . . This City now doth, like a garment, wear
> The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,
> Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
> Open to the fields, and to the sky. . . ."

The view is pleasing, up and down the river, though the ugly Charing Cross Bridge rather spoils it. If it were a finer view, it would perhaps not be so typical of London, which, after all, is not spectacularly beautiful as a whole, despite some glorious details.

We came back now to Parliament Square, and glanced at the statue of Beaconsfield, which is decked with primroses in his honour every Primrose Day (April 19), and the new statue of Abraham Lincoln, a copy of the one in Chicago. The Cromwell statue inside the low Parliament wall also attracted our attention, after which we entered St. Margaret's. This church is as famous as it is beautiful. It was founded a thousand years ago in order that the monks of the neighbouring Abbey might not be disturbed by constant public services ; Parliament used to assemble in it for worship four times a year and a roll of

Honour gives a list of Members of Parliament who fell in the Great War. In 1916 it was made the parish church for the overseas dominions. Sir Walter Raleigh, Caxton, and Milton's second wife are among those buried in its precincts. The East Window, which dates from the 16th century, was brought here from Holland by way of Waltham Abbey and has suffered many vicissitudes of fortune.

Now we came to Westminster Abbey. Entering by the main door (the North Porch) we passed along the so-called "Statesmen's Aisle," glancing at the many memorials to distinguished figures in English history. Crossing the choir, we came to the Poets' Corner, where are the tombs of Chaucer (1340–1400), Spenser (1552–1599), Browning (1812–1889) Tennyson (1809–1892) and many other famous poets, as well as memorials to Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Goldsmith, Southey and others; of prose-writers, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Macaulay, Dickens and Thackeray lie here.

We bought tickets from an attendant at a table for the enclosed portions of the Abbey, one of which we now entered through a small door close by. The Ambulatory, as it is called, brought us at once to the St. Edmund Chapel, on our right. Two beautiful brasses on tombs in the floor and a recumbent copper-gilt figure of the mother of Lady Jane Grey held our attention. The hands and face of the old

Duchess are particularly beautiful. My aunt suddenly discovered two lovely little miniature recumbent figures, representing a brother and sister whose tombs were underneath. When we could induce her to leave these, we went into the next chapel, the St. Nicholas, where is the family vault of the Dukes of Northumberland, surmounted by a large memorial.

Then we came to the gem of the Abbey, the Henry VII Chapel. First we passed into its right-hand (South) aisle, where we admired the copper-gilt effigy of the Countess of Richmond, Henry VII's mother, inside an exquisite railing. Here also is the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots, nearly as beautiful. We passed out now into the nave of the Chapel, which my uncle hailed as the finest piece of architecture he had ever seen or dreamed of. The roof is a wonderful piece of carved stonework, a marvel being that it does not fall under its own weight; and all round the sides hang the banners of the Knights of the Bath (G.C.B.'s), each over the wooden stall of its owner. Every one of the stalls is different and equally beautiful in its own way. We noticed among the banners those of the King, the Duke of Connaught (head of the Order), Field-Marshal Haig (blue and white, on the left), and Admiral Beatty, nearly opposite, with its design of a beehive. Beneath the altar is the grave of Edward VI, the grandson of Henry VII. The latter's tomb lies behind the altar and

again caused my relatives to revise their judgment that what they had last seen was the most beautiful thing in the Abbey.

Crossing to the other side of the Chapel we came to the " Innocents' Corner " where is the tomb of the princes who were murdered in the Tower by Richard III, as well as that of the infant son of James I, buried in a stone cradle to show that he was only a few days old. Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary rest, most unnaturally, in the same tomb in this part of the Chapel, but the memorial is to Elizabeth alone.

We turned now to the Chantry of Henry V, so called because monks used to climb its towers to " chant " masses for the King. We ascended a few wooden stairs, passing a recumbent image of Henry V, now bereft of its silver head. High above us were his helmet, shield and saddle, which some say he used at Agincourt, while others declare that they were made specially for his funeral. Beside the King's tomb we passed into the gorgeous Chapel of Edward the Confessor, the very heart of the Abbey. It was he who was virtually the founder of the Abbey, which had been merely a small monastery before his time ; it is surely proper, my uncle remarked, that he should have been crowned and buried here, as were indeed all the Kings and Queens of England after him, up to the time of George III. The modern pall over the tomb was the gift of

Edward VII; we did not think it quite in keeping with the rest of the Chapel, the early magnificence of which is shown by the remains of mosaic on one of the pillars of the tomb. The other monuments in the shrine are beautiful, particularly the tomb of Henry III and the effigy of Eleanor of Castile, wife of Edward I. It was she whose body was carried from Nottinghamshire to Westminster in 1291, each resting-place on the way being commemorated with a cross, of which perhaps the best know is Charing Cross, near by.

In the Chapel too we saw the famous Coronation Stone, enclosed in a wooden chair, on which the sovereign sits to be crowned. The stone was brought by Edward I in 1297 from Scotland, where it had been used by the Scottish kings since the earliest times; it has only twice been removed from the Abbey since then—once by Cromwell, who was installed as Lord Protector in it in Westminster Hall, and once during the War as a precaution against air-raids. When it is used at Coronations, it is carried round the beautiful stone screen against which it stands—the screen was seriously damaged a few years ago by the Suffragettes—and placed on the more public side, where also, of course, Princess Mary's wedding was celebrated.

It was hard to tear ourselves away from the Chapel, but we left it at last by a staircase on the right and entered a door which led to the

upper floor of Abbot Islip's Chapel, where are stored the famous wax figures. Formerly when an important person was buried, his or her effigy was carried in the funeral procession. Most of the figures were modelled from the death-masks of their characters; and thus the effigies of Queen Elizabeth, Charles II, William and Mary, the Duke of Buckingham and Queen Anne are the best possible likenesses. True, we thought the restoration of Charles II's face had been rather vulgarly done, but despite this we found the collection very quaint and interesting.

After we left the Islip Chapel, I led my relatives to the grave of the Unknown Warrior at the other end of the Abbey, after which we went out into the cloisters. There are many charming gardens and courtyards at the back of the Abbey, as well as Westminster School, and we rambled round them for a while. Then we visited the Norman Undercroft, with its pillars, the oldest in the Abbey, dating back to the original building of Edward the Confessor, a piece of panelling from the notorious Star Chamber, and some wooden funeral effigies, which it was interesting to compare with the wax ones we had just seen.

There is much more to be seen in the precincts of the Abbey, but we had no more time at our disposal, and reluctantly we re-entered the Abbey and left it by the same door as we had originally entered.

We crossed Parliament Square and took a tram by the Boadicea chariot, which carried us along the Embankment, a pleasing ride. We alighted at the Charing Cross Bridge, beneath the terrace of the National Liberal Club and continued our journey on foot. I took my relatives into the Embankment Gardens to show them the old Watergate of York House (so-called because it was formerly the property of the Archbishops of York); this showed us where the Thames used to flow before the Embankment was made. Outside the Gardens we noticed the monument given by the Belgian people in gratitude for British assistance in the War; and opposite it we stopped before Cleopatra's Needle. This monolith, which is the companion of the one in Central Park, New York, was presented to England in 1819 by Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt; on the way to England it was sunk, but was later recovered and erected in 1878. A souvenir of the War is given by the marks of a bomb from a German air-raider on the bronze sphinxes at the foot of the Needle.

High up we saw the district called Adelphi, with its terrace overlooking the river, and the twin hotels, the Cecil and the Savoy.

Passing under Waterloo Bridge we came to the vast façade of King's College (of the London University) and Somerset House, the home of the Inland Revenue authorities. Now

we reached the gardens of the Temple, which we were proposing to visit.

Turning up Approach Road, we found a gate which announced that it gave entry to the Temple only for residents and those having business with them; but who, said my uncle with a smile, had more pressing business with them than my aunt and he, who had come so far to visit them? So we turned in without hesitation. The Temple, I explained to my relations, is the seat of two of the Inns of Court—the Inner Temple and the Middle Temple. It was founded in the twelfth century by the Knights Templars, whose order was dissolved in the fourteenth century, when the Temple came into the hands of an Earl of Pembroke, on whose death it was acquired by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. These promptly leased it to the lawyers, who kept it after the dissolution of the Order and still retain it.

We came past a corner of the Library Garden into Fountain Court, a particularly sweet place; then, turning across Pump Court, an ancient yard, we came to the Temple Church, the largest of the four round churches that remain in England. Knocking at the door, we were admitted after a little delay and left to our own devices by the custodian. We looked at the recumbent effigies of the Crusaders in full armour by the entrance and then wandered slowly round the church, which did not need

description to be impressive. When we had stayed long enough, we strolled out into Goldsmith Court, soon coming to the tomb of Oliver Goldsmith, marked by a broad stone. We left the Temple now through one of the arches into Fleet Street under an old house where "Prince Henry's room" (1610) is preserved, and turned to the right, coming in a few moments to the old "Cock Tavern," where we proposed to lunch. This tavern used to be on the opposite side of the street, but was removed to its present site some years ago, with most of its original features. We ascended to the first floor, which with its tall-backed seats, sanded floor, old fireplace and traditionally plump head-waiter, my relatives found entirely in keeping with the sights we had seen during the morning.

After lunch we walked to the Temple Bar Memorial, with its Griffin, which commemorates the place where formerly stood the Old Temple Bar—marking the boundary between Westminster and the City of London proper, and much used to hang traitors' heads on. From here we had a look at the Law Courts, which suffer architecturally from being so much shut in. On an island in the midst of the Strand is the Church of St. Clement Danes (so named from the tradition that certain of the Danish invaders of Britain were buried beneath it) with a squat little statue of Dr. Johnson in its garden. Beyond this is the

massive bulk of Australia House, the headquarters of the Commonwealth's official activities in London. Retracing our steps to the bottom of Chancery Lane, a matter of a few moments, we turned up this thoroughfare until we came to the Record Office on our right. Here we stopped to see no less interesting a document than the original Domesday Book. Hastening out again we continued up the hill of Chancery Lane and reached Southampton Buildings—a road, despite its name—which quickly brought us to the old-world garden of Staple Inn, one of the loveliest spots in London. We leaned for a few moments upon the wall of the garden and then continued into the old Inn itself, with its famous plane trees, on the seat encircling one of which a characteristic group of idlers was sitting. We came out into busy Holborn through the archway and, crossing the road, we turned round to look at the fronts of these Elizabethan houses, which are unparalleled in the whole of the city.

Gray's Inn Road soon led us to Gray's Inn itself, another of the four Inns of Court. We entered a narrow gate and walked through, past the gardens, to Field Court; and so out again into Holborn, opposite the head of Chancery Lane. My uncle, I believe, would have liked to linger in the Inn and to have visited the Hall, but my aunt, hearing that there was yet a fourth Inn of Court to be visited, insisted on our moving on. In a few

steps down Chancery Lane we came to the last of the four great Inns—Lincoln's Inn—and we walked through its courtyards and grounds to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where, traversing the gardens, we approached No. 13, the well-known Soane Museum. Sir John Soane (1753–1837) was an architect and a collector who assembled in this Lincoln's Inn house many more objects than it could ordinarily be expected to contain. Ingenious folding panels and cupboards are the only means of showing all that is kept here, and, if some of it is hardly worth the trouble, at least the Hogarths—the "Rake's Progress" and the "Election" series—are worth coming miles to see. After we had enjoyed these and, by contrast, the Sarcophagus of Seti I. in the basement, we left the museum, afraid to spoil our recollection of it by a too close scrutiny of the remaining exhibits.

Great Queen Street led us across Kingsway, constructed only in 1905 but already lined with some of the largest office buildings in London—it is the most American of London Streets—and to Drury Lane, the famous old street (now, of course, much altered) where centuries ago the gallants used to swagger and the orange-women sometimes became Duchesses. We kept on along Long Acre, noticing the publishing office of *John Bull*, for so long intimately associated with Horatio Bottomley, opposite which we turned down

Bow Street with its famous police court, past Covent Garden Theatre, the home of opera in England. We now came to the market itself. Here is London's principal mart for fruit and vegetables, brought from all parts of the adjoining countryside. If Covent Garden is at its busiest very early in the morning, there is no time when it can be called dull, and even now we were forced to walk carefully to avoid the porters passing with stacks of baskets precariously balanced on their heads. After we had gazed at the scene for some little time I took my relatives into King Street and showed them the front of the National Sporting Club, where the boxing matches take place. Across the road we turned through an archway into the quiet garden of St. Paul's Church (the front of which we had already seen overlooking the market). In this churchyard are buried Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras," Wycherly, the dramatist, and Grinling Gibbons. The garden is a haven of rest in this busy part of London. Continuing along the path, we came out into Henrietta Street and looked into the windows of an interesting shop that makes a specialty of pewter-ware, in which my uncle was much interested, being a connoisseur of this metal.

From here it was only a step to the Savoy Hotel, where we had tea, listening to the orchestra and watching the dancers. My uncle disappeared in the direction of the

American bar with a muttered remark about cocktails, and returned, looking much refreshed, after several minutes' absence, during which, we claimed, he had acquired a strong American accent. Then, with dinner time approaching, we went next door to Simpson's restaurant. This place used to be famous for its unlimited portions of meat—though this joy no longer exists since the War—but the white-clad chefs still wheel the joints about the room and are sometimes to be tempted into giving the hungry diner an especially large portion.

It had been an old English day with a vengeance, I thought as we sat at dinner; so where could we go better after our meal than to the "Old Vic" Theatre? It is near Waterloo Station—a taxi or tube journey this, of course—and Shakespeare and other classics are played in the most suitable surroundings with little scenery and enthusiastic, unfashionable audiences. I am glad to say that my relatives fell in with my suggestion and at the end of the play they voted our day a complete success.

# WEDNESDAY

"To-DAY we are going to the City," I announced, as we met in Trafalgar Square for our third day's sight-seeing. We took an omnibus that went down the Strand, climbing on top, the better to see the places we should pass. Past Charing Cross Station, the first objects I drew my relatives' attention to were the figures by Jacob Epstein in the niches in the wall of the British Medical Association building at the corner of Agar Street—which, far ahead of most of the public sculpture in London, excited some protest when they were first erected. A little further on we came to the Adelphi, and the Cecil and Savoy Hotels, which we had already seen the day before from the river side. On the other side of the road is New Zealand House, the office of the High Commissioner of that Dominion. Our omnibus halted at the corner of Wellington Street, along which we could see Waterloo Bridge spanning the river, while on our left were the Lyceum Theatre, once Sir Henry Irving's, but now given up to melodrama; the sumptuous offices of the *Morning Post;* the curve of Aldwych (with the Waldorf Hotel prominent); and the Gaiety Theatre, famous for its

musical comedies. Next to the Gaiety we saw Marconi House, the head office of the Marconi Wireless service, while opposite was Somerset House, which also we had previously seen from the river. The open space by Marconi House, once known as the "Aldwych desert" is at last being built upon; and before long there will be a vast new structure opened on the site. Our omnibus swerved round the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, picturesquely situated in the middle of the street, and came to Australia House. In front of the second mid-street church—St. Clement Danes—is the Gladstone Memorial statue, still showing traces of the acid the Suffragettes threw on it during their agitation and which cannot be wholly removed. Passing the Law Courts and Temple Bar and the entrance to the Temple, we entered Fleet Street, at the foot of which the Fleet River (to-day an underground sewer) once ran; Fleet Street is the centre of the London newspaper world and has been nicknamed "the Street of Ink." On the left there is a network of courts and alleys leading out of Fleet Street, many of them with interesting Johnsonian and other associations. On the right, Serjeant's Inn, one of the lesser Inns of law, could be seen under the arch of the Norwich Union Insurance Building. Opposite, a little further down, is the journalists' meeting place, Anderton's Hotel, with the "Falstaff," equally well known, on the other side. Opposite the

Scale. 2 inches to 1 mile
Railways
Electric Railways
THAMES
HAMPSTEAD ROAD
EUSTON ROAD
PENTONVILLE ROAD
GOSWELL ROAD
OLD STREET
CITY ROAD
HIGH HOLBORN
HOLBORN VIADUCT
NEWGATE ST.
CHEAPSIDE
FLEET STREET
CANNON STREET
VICTORIA EMBANKMENT
OXFORD ST.
NEW OXFORD ST.
CHARING CROSS RD.
SHAFTESBURY AVE.
PICCADILLY
WATERLOO BRIDGE
BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE
SOUTHWARK BRIDGE
LONDON BRIDGE
TOWER BRIDGE
ST. JAMES'S PARK
GREEN PARK
WHITEHALL
ST. PANCRAS STA.
KINGS CROSS STA.
EUSTON STA.
CLERKENWELL
FARRINGDON STA.
ALDERSGATE ST.
BISHOPSGATE STA.
LIVERPOOL ST. STA.
MOORGATE STA.
ALDGATE STA.
ALDGATE E. STA.
ST. MARY-WHITECHAPEL
CORNHILL
LEADENHALL ST.
FENCHURCH ST.
MARK LA
MINORIES
TEMPLE STA.
CHARING CR. STA.
WATERLOO STA.
SOUTHWARK STA.
LONDON BR. STA.
TOWER OF LONDON
HORSE GUARDS
ADMIRALTY
NEW SCOTLAND YARD
GEORGE PHILIP & SON LTD

latter again is the old "Cheshire Cheese," a restaurant I proposed to take my relatives to this very evening. The dome of St. Paul's loomed up before us as we rode, and soon we came to Ludgate Circus, where we alighted. Two obelisks caught our attention here, one of them erected to John Wilkes, the eighteenth century demagogue, the other to an old Lord Mayor of London.

I told my relatives that a good question to put to Londoners was this :— "How much of St. Paul's can be seen from the foot of Ludgate Hill ?" They will reply in most cases that all or nearly all of it is visible ; but in actual fact only a very small part can be seen, as the hill makes a wide curve and hides it.

On our right was New Bridge Street, leading to Blackfriars Bridge, and on the left Farringdon Street, where the Fleet Prison for debtors used to be ; this is all old London round here, as the names of the narrow streets testify—for example, Ave Maria Lane, Creed Lane, Paternoster Row and Cheapside (i.e., "Marketside," "Chepe" being an old word for a market). We soon reached the "Churchyard" that surrounds the Cathedral, with its crowds of people and the numerous drapers' shops. Many people were watching the pigeons fed near the statue of Queen Anne at the foot of the entrance steps. The Cathedral is too big and its surroundings too close to allow one to enjoy a real view of it from the Churchyard—

which used, however, to be larger in the days of the old St. Paul's—and we much preferred the distant glimpses we had already had of it from different parts of London. Although I intended to bring my uncle and aunt here for the Sunday morning service, I now suggested that we might pay a hurried visit to the interior, since on Sundays one cannot move about freely. We did so, and the vastness and coolness of the Cathedral impressed them. We descended to the Crypt and rambled about its vaulted spaces, stopping at the huge tombs of Nelson and Wellington and the enormous barbaric funeral car of the latter, made of the metal of captured guns. Except for its size, however, my relatives did not find St. Paul's so interesting as the other places we had already visited—the Abbey, for instance. Perhaps it was that the Great Fire of 1666 so completely destroyed the old Cathedral that we missed the usual evidences of antiquity. After a few minutes we came out into the Churchyard again and turned to the right at the bottom of the steps, passing the old Chapter House of the Cathedral, recently acquired by Lloyd's Bank. We soon came to the statue of Sir Robert Peel at the junction of Newgate Street, St. Martin's-le-Grand and Cheapside, with the General Post Office at the corner of the first two. We walked down busy Cheapside, coming soon to the old house at the corner of Friday Street that claims to have

withstood the Great Fire. Friday Street is so named because the fishmongers used to hold their market there on Fridays. Opposite we saw the plane-tree at the corner of Wood Street, which is specially protected against destruction—for one reason that it stands on consecrated ground—and occupies one of the most valuable sites in the city. Between Friday Street and Bread Street was the old "Mermaid Tavern," famous in the poems of Beaumont and Keats as Ben Jonson's favourite haunt. Further down on the right we came to Bow Church, another of the beautiful churches which can only be seen and appreciated from a distance. It is well known that, to be a true Londoner, one must be born within sound of Bow Bells, which, to be sure, were the bells that Dick Whittington (afterwards *four* times Mayor of London) heard at Highgate.

We turned down King Street to the Guildhall. The official title of this building is "The Hall of the Corporation of the City of London," and it is here that the banquets are held on November 9th in honour of the newly elected Lord Mayor, at which much turtle soup and other liquids are consumed. We entered the Great Hall, where both the elections and the banquets take place. The windows represent scenes from London history, and there are monuments to distinguished men. But the most interesting feature of the Hall is the

presence of Gog and Magog in the gallery on the left. These fourteen-feet high wooden figures date from the eighteenth century and are the lineal descendants of the giants that used to be carried in civic processions and were placed at the gates of the city with addresses of welcome to important visitors in their hands. Leaving the Great Hall we visited the Guildhall Gallery, where may be studied the official taste in art of the magnates of London. It is enough to say, as my uncle did, that he had rarely seen so undistinguished a collection of pictures in his life, though perhaps he did not sufficiently excuse the natural conservatism of the business man in relation to things outside his beat. Still, to cheer him up, I showed him some good portraits, both by such old English masters as Joshua Reynolds and modern artists as Collier and Orpen, and we chuckled over a cruelly faithful likeness of Lord Bearsted (formerly Sir Marcus Samuel) by the latter. In the Museum beneath the Gallery are some interesting relics of old London, but we did not feel that we needed to visit it after having so recently seen the London Museum. In the street once more, we noticed the vane of St. Lawrence Jewry, shaped like a gridiron, in reference to the legend of St. Lawrence's martyrdom; then, turning to the left down Gresham Street, we reached Moorgate Street and the Bank of England. The long squat building of "the Old Lady of

Threadneedle Street" vastly interested my relatives, and we walked alongside it to the junction of Moorgate Street, Poultry (the lower portion of Cheapside), Queen Victoria Street, King William Street, Lombard Street, Cornhill and Threadneedle Street, this forming perhaps the busiest crossing in the whole of London.

It was amazing to see the volume of traffic that poured down all these streets and it was some time before we dared to cross the road, my aunt steadfastly refusing to take advantage of the subways, in order, as she said, not to lose any opportunity to see London by descending under the surface. Opposite us on the right was the Mansion House, the residence of the Lord Mayor and the seat of his Court, while on the left was the Royal Exchange, from the steps of which declarations of war are read and new sovereigns proclaimed. On its tower is the old gilded grasshopper which has survived two fires that destroyed the rest of the structure. We entered the Exchange and sat down on one of the seats that run round the walls. The pictures interested us as showing various incidents in English history, such as the Phoenicians trading with the Early Britons, William the Conqueror granting a charter to the citizens of London, William II building the Tower of London, King John signing Magna Charta, Dick Whittington dispensing charities, the Great Fire of London,

Nelson embarking for the last time, King George visiting the battlefields of France in 1917, and the blocking of Zeebrugge in 1918. As we left by the opposite end of the building we passed the entrance to Lloyd's, the great insurance rooms. To the left outside, passing the statue of George Peabody (1795–1869), the American philanthropist, we came again to Threadneedle Street, and at the corner of Old Broad Street we halted at the entrance to the Stock Exchange, watching the top-hatted members and their clerks hurrying in and out, busy with transactions in stocks and shares. Unfortunately strangers are not allowed to enter the Stock Exchange, except the little entrance lobbies, and they are badly handled if they do succeed in evading the sharp eyes of the attendants.

We were now in the midst of the big banks, which occupy most of the buildings in this part of the city. We cut through on the right to St. Michael's Alley, between Cornhill and Lombard Street, and entered the old hostelry called "The George and Vulture," famous as the residence of Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller. To-day it is no longer an inn, but it remains as a restaurant, and we had an excellent lunch there, amidst the old benches and tables.

After lunch we turned into Gracechurch Street, which brought us out opposite London Bridge and the Monument. The latter was erected in the sixteen-seventies to commem-

orate the Great Fire of London, which was supposed to have begun in Pudding Lane near by, and to have stopped, much to the edification of the superstitious, at Pye Corner. The Monument is over two hundred feet high; and one can get a fine view from the top in clear weather. My uncle, whose energy was inexhaustible, determined to climb it, but my aunt and I preferred to walk to the middle of London Bridge and watch the vessels unloading in the "Pool"—the part of the river between London Bridge and the Tower Bridge—and look at the superb view in that direction. When my uncle returned, he told us that the view justified the climb, but my aunt and I agreed that the rest on the bridge had probably done us more good. We all walked back towards the Monument, stopping to look over the parapet at the fish market of Billingsgate, which has given its name to a certain kind of spoken English.

Back again, we turned to our right along Eastcheap and its continuation, Great Tower Street. I took my relatives through an archway at No. 34 in the latter street and showed them an exquisite old-time London merchant's residence. Up Seething Lane opposite, we came at once to the entrance of Allhallows Barking, an ancient church, untouched by the Great Fire, which was cared for by the Abbess of Barking Abbey in the old days and so got its name. It contains some beautiful old

brasses, and of interest in another way is the fact that William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was baptised here; this is commemorated by a tablet in the wall, set there in 1911 by the Pennsylvania Society of New York. Also, Judge Jeffreys was married here. All-hallows Barking is one of the pleasantest of the smaller city churches, and the visit consoled me for not having found an opportunity to take my relatives to the tiny church of St. Ethelburga, in Bishopsgate, which was unfortunately rather out of our way. Leaving the church, we found ourselves at the top of Tower Hill, with the Tower of London below us. This was all historic ground. Through the railings of the Trinity Gardens on the left we could see a tablet in the ground, marking the place where the ancient scaffold was placed, on which such famous people as Lord Dudley, his son and grandson (1510, 1553 and 1554), the Protector Somerset (1552), Strafford (1641), Archbishop Laud (1645) and innumerable others were executed, concluding with the Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino in 1746.

Looking down Tower Hill, we had a good view of the Tower of London. This wonderful old fortress, I told my relatives, was begun by William the Conqueror, on the site, it is said, of an older Roman fortress; his successors added to it, and it has been used both as a fortress to command London, as a residence

for kings, and as a prison. Its history must be studied in full for the real importance of the place to be understood. To-day it is more a monument than anything else ; but a part of it is still occupied as an arsenal, with a small garrison, and for the custody of the Crown jewels ; and during the War it reverted to its old use as a prison and a place of execution for spies. We walked down the hill, passing a couple of open-air meetings, one devoted to a defence of religion, the other to an attack on it, and noticed some tall warehouses and an old inn, the "Tiger," which announced that it had been "honoured by Queen Elizabeth."

We entered the Tower by the Lion Gate, and, purchasing the necessary tickets, passed under the Middle Tower, seeing our first "beefeater." The Beefeaters, or Yeomen of the Guard, are a force of about a hundred men, specially appointed to guard the Tower, and sometimes called upon to march in public processions, when their Tudor uniform gives a brilliant splash of colour to our rather drab city. They are all old soldiers, and we found them a fine and intelligent set of men ; they were extremely courteous as we went round the interesting places in the Tower. We passed the Traitors' Gate where the State prisoners entered when they were brought down the river under guard—Anne Boleyn (the second wife of Henry VIII), Lady Jane Grey and the Duke

of Monmouth were among the prisoners who entered the Tower by the Traitors' Gate, never to escape; while Queen Elizabeth was one of those who entered it, to leave under happier auspices. We came to the White Tower, the oldest part of the Tower, being the ancient Keep. It contains the Armouries, a collection of armour both for foot and horse. In a large cell at the end of the lower floor Sir Walter Raleigh, Guy Fawkes and other prisoners were confined; it is now empty except for the wooden block on which Lord Lovat was executed in 1747, the executioner's axe, and a ghastly little model of the rack and other instruments of torture. Another museum of arms on the same floor brought us to the staircase leading up to the Chapel of St. John, said to be the oldest church in London. It was built in 1080 and is an extremely fine specimen of Norman architecture. Queen Mary was betrothed in it to King Philip of Spain in 1554; and Lady Jane Grey prayed here the night before her execution. Tradition has it that Wat Tyler dragged the Archbishop of Canterbury and Sir Robert Hales, the King's Treasurer, away from the altar in this chapel and brought them out to be killed on Tower Hill, the drawbridge to the Tower having been lowered to his men by treachery (1381). Next we came to two rooms full of swords and cross-bows and other old weapons, while against the wall we saw the partizans

carried by the Yeomen of the Guard on great occasions. Still higher up the Tower was the Horse Armour, and my uncle told us that the war-horses that used to wear it were the ancestors of our modern draught-horses. In the next room, the Tudor Room, was some more armour, as well as a helmet decorated with ram's horns, a present to Henry VIII from the Emperor Maximilian. Another staircase brought us down to the dungeons under the White Tower, which, no longer in their original state, were not very impressive. But an old well, a thousand years old, was not without interest.

Leaving the White Tower we came out to the Parade Ground and turned left to the Green, an open space where the beheading block used to be. On one side is the old chapel of St. Peter's, where many of the victims of the axe were buried. On the opposite side are the houses, most of them very old, of the officers of the Tower. What sorrows, mused my aunt, these houses must have looked down on! I told her how from the window of one of them Lady Jane Grey saw her husband being led to the block, and, a few minutes later, his headless corpse carried into the Chapel, herself suffering a like fate next day. Many victims of high rank met their death on the block here, the site of which is shown. We sat down and rested on a bench, thinking of the horror of the spot. Then we entered the

Beauchamp Tower, the interest of which lies chiefly in the messages and pictures that the unhappy prisoners carved in the stone walls of their cells—pathetic relics of their misery. Passing across the Green we came to the Bloody Tower. On the ground floor a Beefeater showed us the portcullis, still in working order despite its great age, while opposite it was the cell where Sir Walter Raleigh wrote part of his *History of the World* during his second long imprisonment. Two floors of the Bloody Tower have been thrown into one ; Raleigh's cell occupied only a fifth of the space the room now has. We saw in a case a copy of the first edition of his book, presented by a Lord Mayor of London a few years ago. Latimer and Ridley, the Bishops, were confined here, as also was Judge Jeffreys, who drank himself to death in his cell. Upstairs is the room where the two little princes—Edward V and his brother—were murdered by order of Richard Crookback, their uncle, afterwards Richard III. From the terrace of the Bloody Tower we had a good view of the Traitors' Gate and the Tower Bridge.

Next we visited the Wakefield Tower, where the Crown Jewels are kept. There we saw the crowns of the King and Queen, as well as many other pieces of their regalia ; we noticed especially the largest diamond in the world, and a wonderful ruby given by Pedro the Cruel to the Black Prince. After this we left

the Tower by the same gate as we entered, and walked along the wharf between the Tower moat and the river. We sat down on one of the guns that are set there and watched the Tower Bridge being raised to allow some steamers to pass underneath.

At the end of the wharf we turned to the left under an archway and climbed a flight of steps in St. Katherine's Way, looking down at the huge warehouses. This brought us back to the top of the hill, where we saw the Royal Mint on the right. Then we went along the Minories to Aldgate High Street, where we caught an omnibus to take us to Limehouse, which my relatives were particularly anxious to visit.

We were now at the division of the city proper and the "East End," marked by the Aldgate Pump. We soon found, as we rode along, that we might almost have been in the Ghetto of a Polish city: Jewish pedlars with long locks were wheeling barrows; women in unusual dress were talking and chanting; crowds of foreigners of every kind mingled together in confusion. The names over the shops were unlike any we had seen in our other journeys through London, and often they were in Hebrew characters. This continued all the way along the Commercial Road. As we passed Sidney Street I reminded my relatives that it was here that troops had to be brought out some years ago to subdue a handful of

anarchists who had taken refuge in one of the houses, armed with rifles; the bullet-marks are still visible on some of the neighbouring walls. At last we reached the West India Dock Road, where we alighted from our omnibus. We walked down this street and found ourselves at once in the London Chinese quarter. True, its general appearance was not particularly Oriental, but the shops were as Chinese as we could wish. Stopping outside a Chinese grocer's, we examined the curious objects in his sacks and boxes, and watched the owner selling them in little packets to seamen of his own race. Just to show us that we were still in London, a young Chinaman, smartly dressed in European clothes, came riding by on his motor-bicyle with an English girl in the sidecar, off for an evening in the West End. On the opposite side of the road was a restaurant, which I induced my relatives to enter. They were a little inclined to hang back, especially when they discovered that the proprietor could speak only a few words of English, but when we reached the upper floor and were given fragrant tea to drink they repented their timorousness. There was certainly not much to fear from the other customers, who were mostly Chinamen talking very rapidly, as it seemed to us, in their own tongue, and some white women with their half-Chinese children. The richer Chinamen of the neighbourhood seemed all to have taken

English wives, who were perfectly happy, so far as we could judge. When we left the restaurant and turned into Limehouse Causeway, the very centre of "Chinatown," we saw some of their homes. They were neat in the usual English fashion, and we were no longer inclined to credit the sensational stories we had sometimes read of Chinese brutality to their wives and children. Indeed, except for their faces, the Chinese residents seemed exactly like good British middle-class citizens. I am afraid my relatives were almost disappointed not to meet with some adventure, but I have always found Limehouse as quiet as any other part of London. A policeman to whom we spoke bore me out in this; the opium dens, he said, scarcely exist any longer; and in any case they do not last long, since the authorities soon get wind of them and suppress them. We strolled through the quarter for a little time, exciting some curiosity among the groups of Chinese sailors and warehousemen who were leaning against the doorposts chatting; and then returned to the Commercial Road and took an omnibus back to the centre of the town. We alighted outside the "Cheshire Cheese," and entered it up an alley-way. Traversing a sawdust strewn passage, we came to the principal dining-room, which tradition, encouraged by the proprietors of the restaurant, declares to have been frequented by Dr. Johnson and his

cronies. Large portraits of him, and tablets marking the seat where Charles Dickens sat to dine, emphasise its literary associations; but for us the pleasant, comfortable atmosphere of the place, with its long wooden tables and benches and the steaming pies on the sideboard, was sufficient encouragement to remain. A handful of churchwarden pipes on the window ledge behind us bore witness to the old-fashioned customs of some of the present clients of the house. It was of this tavern that John Davidson, the poet (1857–1909), wrote:

> '. . . If doubts or debts thy soul assail,
> If Fashion's forms its current freeze,
> Try a long pipe, a glass of ale,
> And supper at the 'Cheshire Cheese.'"

We had an excellent dinner, choosing, of course, portions of the complicated pies for which the "Cheshire Cheese" is renowned; and, when we had finished, I asked our waiter to bring in the parrot, who may always be relied upon to utter apposite remarks.

After dinner we went to a *revue*; and I wondered later as I lay in bed what dreams my aunt would have this night. Would she see, I wondered, a Chinese prisoner in the Tower released from confinement on the eve of his execution and solemnly drawn in triumph through the streets of London, seated in Wellington's funeral car and escorted by the

Beauty Chorus of the *revue* and Gog and Magog, those two giants with the faces of Gladstone and Lord Bearsted and the uniform of beefeaters, holding portions of the "Cheshire Cheese" pies in their hands?

# THURSDAY

My relatives were both astonished and delighted when I told them that they could obtain a very good idea of the treasures of the British Museum in a morning's visit. I assured them that it would be even more interesting than they expected, which, as they remarked, was a large claim for me to make.

We met on the steps of the Museum, in Great Russell Street, and entered the hall of the building. As we turned in to the left, to the collection of Greek and Roman antiquities, I should have liked to tell them to shut their eyes until we came to the "Archaic Room," in order that we might work backwards from there to the other rooms of Greek and Roman sculpture, thus seeing them in the order in which the works were produced; but as we had no time for such subtleties, we began with the first room we entered. I pointed out the heads of the Roman Emperors and others in this room and asked my relatives if they did not think these were very much like Englishmen of to-day, which they agreed was often the case. We noticed on the walls some old Roman mosaics, discovered in England in

places so different as Fenchurch Street and the Gloucester countryside. Passing the bust of Julius Caesar at the end of the gallery, we came to the first Graeco-Roman room, with some beautiful groups on the left, notably a Venus preparing for the bath, a Satyr and infant Dionysus, and, on the opposite side, a colossal head of Faustina. In the smaller room we now entered we found a copy of the well-known quoit-thrower of Myron, of which, it is said, the head is here set on wrongly, since it should be facing into the room, instead of forward. An ancient copy of the "Diadumenos"—a victor in the athletic contest—held us also. In the next room we were faced by the famous Farnese Hermes, a beautiful piece of sculpture, while on the left are some groups—Actaeon being devoured by his hounds, Mithras sacrificing a bull, and a Boy with a thorn in his foot. On the opposite side of the room are Antinous, the beautiful favourite of the Emperor Hadrian, Endymion asleep, and the bust of Clytie.

We now came to the Archaic Room, containing the earliest specimens of Greek art. Two tall columns from the so-called "Treasury of Atreus"—a great tomb at Mycenae—stand against the wall on the left, and opposite them is the Harpy Tomb, showing the winged women (harpies) bearing away the souls of the dead. We passed on to the anteroom, where we found the seated statue of

Demeter of Cnidos, mourning for her lost daughter, Persephone. My relatives stopped in admiration for some minutes before her. The next room is called the Ephesus Room, as it contains portions of the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians, where St. Paul preached against idols. Here also we saw the Deepdene Venus (a loan from the Greek Minister), and a lovely Resting Hermes. Along the wall on the right are portrait busts, including Pericles (nearest the far door), Alexander the Great, Homer, Socrates and Epicurus.

The next room contains the world-famous Elgin Marbles, sculpture brought from Athens by Lord Elgin, when British ambassador there a hundred years ago. Byron protested bitterly against their removal from the Acropolis, and even to-day the Greek Government is hoping for their eventual restoration. But it cannot be denied that, had not Lord Elgin removed the marbles, they would soon have been considerably more damaged through neglect than they already were. A model of the Acropolis in the same room showed us where the marbles used to stand, and we turned to look at them, almost forgetting that they were now in a museum far away from their original home. It was a long time before I could induce my relatives to leave the room with the marvellous frieze of the procession and the other works, still so beautiful despite the damage of ages. In the next room we saw

another Mourning Woman, as attractive as the seated Demeter.

Now we retraced our steps to the Elgin Room and went out by the door on the left, which brought us to the Nereid Room, from which we descended by a flight of steps into the Mausoleum Room, where are housed the remains of one of the Seven Wonders of the World—the tomb of King Mausolus, from Halicarnassos in Asia Minor. Once again reconstructions of the ancient tomb allowed us to place the gigantic sculptures in their proper relation to each other, with Mausolus and his consort standing in the chariot on top of it. We climbed the steps at the other end of the room, and, turning to the right, came to the section of the museum devoted to ancient Egyptian sculpture.

In the first room we saw a colossal head of Thothmes III, who reigned about 1600 B.C. The three Egyptian galleries hold many statues that, to our mind, rivalled the Greek for delicacy and beauty; particularly were we struck by a limestone statue of a priest and his wife, and another in green basalt of the goddess Isis with Osiris, her son, standing between her knees—both of these masterpieces preserved in glass cases to save them from damage. There were also some wall-paintings from the Tombs of the Kings, which astonished us by their similarity in many ways with modern schools of painting. Perhaps the most interesting

exhibit in the Egyptian Galleries, however, is at the far end. It is a small black basalt rock—the "Rosetta Stone," the top surface of which, preserved now under glass, is covered with inscriptions. The top portion of the writing is hieroglyphics, the middle, the popular Egyptian script, and the bottom Greek. After the stone was found by the French at Rosetta in 1799, scientists puzzled over it until they guessed that the three inscriptions were identical, and that certain of the hieroglyphics, encased in oval frames, were the names of kings; with these clues they were enabled to read the inscription and to decipher other Egyptian hieroglyphics, which hitherto had been unintelligible to them.

The next room introduced us to still another type of ancient sculpture, not less interesting and to some tastes hardly less beautiful. The Assyrian Kingdom flourished from the fifteenth century B.C. to the end of the seventh century B.C. and most of the sculpture shown here dates from the eighth and seventh centuries. The enormous winged human-headed bulls in this room are typical of Assyrian art—they used to stand at the gates of the king's palace—and not less characteristic are the bas-reliefs in the Nimroud Gallery, which we entered on the right. This long narrow gallery is said to be identical in dimensions with the palace chamber from which the wonderful bas-reliefs were taken; and we had thus a fine oppor-

tunity to catch the real spirit of the sculpture. My uncle thought the battle and hunting scenes magnificent, and though my aunt still preferred the more conventional Greek friezes, she could not resist the strong appeal of the Assyrian works also. On the left was the door to the Assyrian Saloon, in which a balcony runs round the walls to show off the many bas-reliefs. We did not walk all the way round, as the sculptures resembled those we had already seen, but followed the direction of the gallery and came to the Nimroud Central Saloon, where we found in the centre immediately on entering a black obelisk showing the conquests of the King Shalmaneser—with, on the far side, on the second band down, the Jewish King Jehu prostrating himself before Shalmaneser and offering gifts. The next gallery contains more bas-reliefs, and on the left we noticed a curious sculptured head.

We were now finished with the Assyrian sculpture, and climbed the stairs to the first floor. Hanging on the walls by the staircase are some exhibits which are not always noticed by visitors, but which, as I told my relatives, are in my opinion among the most interesting contents of the whole building. They are pieces of mosaic from Halicarnassos and from Carthage, the latter being perhaps the finer. One design, a dog chasing a hare, particularly pleased my relatives, its movement, colour and simplicity charming them equally.

Arrived at the top of the stairs, we turned to the left and I led my relatives still further round in that direction in order that we might begin our inspection of the Egyptian rooms in their proper order. We found ourselves surrounded by the embalmed bodies of men and women who had been dead for thousands of years—one of them, indeed, the doubled up body of a man surrounded by the flint implements that were discovered in his tomb, is ascribed to seven thousand years B.C. It was the creed of the ancient Egyptians that a body preserved intact would live again after death, and embalming was practised for this reason. The mummy was placed in a decorated mummy-case and then deposited in a sarcophagus, which was sealed up in an underground tomb or, in the case of kings, in a pyramid. We saw here several specimens of the oldest mummies and mummy-cases. In the next room are later examples of similar objects, dating from about 950 B.C. Photographs of unwrapped mummies made a rather ghastly addition to our knowledge. In the third room are still later mummies and mummy-cases, and we noticed two mummied arms, one of them the left arm of a man of high rank with a gold ring of office fastened to its shrunken finger. The fourth room also is of extraordinary interest: here we saw the effigies of servants that were buried with the dead to serve them in the next world; the

jars that contained the entrails of the corpse, each with a lid representing the guardian animal-god; mummies of all kinds of animals, from cats to the sacred bull-calves; and innumerable other things to furnish the graves of distinguished men. Also there are two charming wooden statues of a chief and his son, the former seated on his throne with outstretched arms, and the latter standing stark naked. These statues, which are a new acquisition of the Museum, are placed in the gallery facing one another, though no doubt they should really be side by side. I thought these statues as pleasant as anything we had seen; they seemed to have so much more human feeling than the other rather austere Egyptian sculptures.

In the next room there are numerous relics of this ancient civilisation—articles of clothing, tools, musical instruments, bricks, chairs and other domestic articles. The sixth and last Egyptian room contains similar relics, of which we thought that the lady's wig, in a case exactly opposite the door, was among the most remarkable. My aunt was amused to think that feminine vanity had been so constant through the ages. "The wig," she said, "would disgrace no lady of our own day."

We came out to the right now, and passed through the Coptic Room; the Assyrian Room—where we saw some ancient baked clay Assyrian tablets which represented books;

the Babylonian Room, with a collection of letters in clay, discovered at Tell-el-Amarna in 1887; the Phœnician Room; the Semitic Room; and the Hittite Ante-Room, with inscriptions in a language that no one has as yet been able to decipher. We now turned into the Vase Rooms, the first of which contains some interesting Cretan pottery—the earliest work of the Greek period—as well as some from Mycenae, representing the next period, and from the later stages of ancient Greek civilisation. The next two rooms also are full of Greek vases, some of them of remarkable beauty; and the fourth room holds later work of the same nature. In the Bronze Room, which we reached next, are Greek and Roman bronzes, one of which, a grotesquely beautiful little figure of a woman running, greatly pleased us. A winged head of Hypnos (Sleep), set on a cast from a similar statue at Madrid, attracted our attention, as well as a head of Augustus, with enamelled eyes, which was found in the Sudan.

In the next room, devoted to "Greek and Roman Life," we found innumerable relics of the periods represented, especially objects of common utility, many of them almost identical with those in use to-day. There is also a curious mummy-case of a Greek boy, with his portrait upon it; and my aunt found a Roman picture-frame, exactly like a modern one, complete to the very string for hanging

it to the wall. The vestibule of the Room of Gold Ornaments contains some sculpture from Cyprus, showing the influence of both Greek and Asiatic tradition, and we passed into the Room itself, where among a priceless collection of gems, ornaments and seals, we found the famous Portland Vase. This wonderful object is made of two carved layers of glass and is the more remarkable in that so few of its kind have survived the mischances of years. Even this was smashed by a madman in 1845—a wall-case contains a drawing of the shattered pieces—but it was patiently restored to its original state. One would hardly believe that it is made of glass, and I had to persuade my relatives to bend down and look through its neck towards the light before they realised that it was indeed so. Just beside the Portland Vase we found some curious ornaments excavated from the tombs at Mycenae.

We came back to the main building again and entered the Terra-Cotta Room, which, as I told my relatives, is one of my favourites. I particularly drew their attention to the exquisite little clay Tanagra statuettes, which used to be buried with the Greek dead; like the Egyptian figures of servants, they show people engaged in all kinds of domestic operations. In the middle of the room are some life-size terra-cotta figures on the lids of sarcophagi, of which the finest are two

women conversing and a man and his wife. We did not do more than glance into the new Coin Room opposite, as the exhibits hardly interested us; we turned instead into the Central Saloon with its relics of the Stone Age and the Bronze Age. I confess that we did not stay very long here or in the gallery devoted to Roman Britain which led out of it, because, interesting as they were, we were anxious to get to the oriental rooms. Still, we stopped before a fine bronze bust (found at Winchester) of the Emperor Hadrian, who had the wall built against the Scots.

We entered the Oriental Saloon, and at once the whole character of the exhibits changed. Here are brilliant and barbaric uniforms and arms, and jade and ivory ornaments, and a model of a Chinese house—all the busy, brilliant splendour of the East. In the next room—devoted to Indian religions—we found many things to see. There is a model of a sacred Hindu car; in another glass case there lies a copy of the Grantha, the sacred book of the Sikhs, covered with a canopy and surrounded by the objects used in the celebration of the creed. In the middle of a case on the right there is a beautiful head of a Bodhisatva, a work seemingly so much influenced by Greek sculpture (like many carvings from North-west India, as a result of Alexander's invasion of Asia) that it would not have surprised us to meet it in one of the

Greek galleries on the lower floor. We noticed also a beautiful bronze-gilt statue of a goddess from Ceylon, and two fine Buddhas from Sarnath. The following Buddhist Room is dominated by a wonderful life-size Chinese statue of a "Lohan" or apostle of Buddha; the figure and its colourings made it one of the most beautiful things we had seen. A white-washed wooden statue of a Bodhisatva is hardly less noteworthy. There is a brass "impression" of the Buddha's foot, from Burmah, presented by Captain Marryat; and we stopped also before an ivory model of a summer encampment of the Yakuts of north-west Siberia, and before a collection of Japanese Buddhist temple implements. The treasures in this room, as in all the Oriental rooms of the Museum, were so varied that we were continually delighted by what we found. The Early Christian Room did not contain anything of surpassing interest to us; and, except for the famous Franks' Casket of whalebone, carved in the north of England in the eighth century A.D., we did not find very much to detain us in the Iron Age Gallery. We crossed the Oriental room again and entered the first of the Ethnographical Rooms, from which I never expected to be able to tear my relatives away. There seemed to be everything here we had ever heard of, from all parts of the earth—vases from ancient Peru; mosaics of turquoise and malachite from Mexico; horrible

devil-dancers' masks from Ceylon; canoes from the Solomon Islands; South Sea Island wood carvings; Bushongo statuettes (these from a Central African tribe which has preserved its primitive state to a remarkable degree); Hawaiian gods, made of wickerwork covered with bright feathers; bronzes and carved ivory from Benin; Maori heirlooms and weapons; Red Indian costumes and head-dresses; totem-poles from Alaska; and, indeed, more curious things than I could ever hope to show my relatives. We reached the end of this series of rooms at last, rather to my relief, since I feared that our whole programme would be upset by our delays, and descended the staircase. At the foot of the first flight we passed along a passage to the collections of porcelain, pottery, glass and mediaeval objects that fill the lower portion of the new King Edward Galleries—the top part, devoted to prints and drawings, we had had to omit from our itinerary. We strolled through the long gallery with its wonderful contents, not failing to watch the figures on the Strassburg clock, made in the sixteenth century, carry out their movements as the hour struck, and once again I found myself unwillingly forced to hurry my dilatory uncle and aunt. We emerged at last and came down to the King's Library, with its specimens of early books and bindings, most interesting among these being, of course, the copy of the first collected

edition of Shakespeare's plays, with its original owner's inscription to the "Sweet Swan of Avon."

In the Manuscript Saloon, to which we next came, we found many interesting old documents, including a large number of autograph letters and manuscripts of great interest —kings, statesmen, poets, philosophers, musicians, scholars, dramatists, soldiers, and sailors (Nelson's last letter, for example) all being represented. And so, through the Grenville Library, we came at last to the hall where we had entered. It had been a memorable visit for all of us, and my relatives vowed that they would spend many, many hours in the museum when they came to London again.

Leaving the Museum, I conducted them down Museum Street and Hart Street—where I showed them the statue of George I. on top of the church (in imitation, it is said, of the Mausoleum, now familiar to us from the relics in the Museum)—to New Oxford Street. After a few minutes we turned down the Charing Cross Road, famous for its second-hand bookshops, and then, on the left, into New Compton Street, where we found Gennaro's Restaurant. This is an excellent Italian restaurant in the centre of a foreign quarter full of good Italian and French places. Had I not picked on Gennaro's, I should have taken my relatives to the "Isola Bella" in Frith Street near by, another very good

Italian restaurant, with a picturesque dining-room surrounded by paintings. If they had insisted on French cooking, we could have gone to the "Petit Riche" in Old Compton Street, the "Rendezvous" in Dean Street, Gustave's in Greek Street, the "Mont Blanc" in Gerrard Street (a little further away), or "Les Gourmets" in Lisle Street; they could also have tried the Spanish Restaurant in Dean Street, or the Greek Restaurant in Beak Street. The restaurants in Soho, as this part of London is called, are so various and so good that I was embarrassed which to choose.

I thought a little fresh air would do us good after our long stay in the Museum, and in the afternoon I proposed a visit to Regent's Park and Hampstead. We took a taxi to the Zoological Gardens, where we stayed only an hour or so, as we visited but a few of the numerous houses and terraces. We saw the lions, the big apes and the monkeys, the polar bears, the sea-lions and a few other favourites, choosing our route according to the feeding times of some of these animals, who, my aunt said, are usually more interesting then than at other times, unlike human beings. Leaving the Zoo, we turned into Regent's Park and crossed it towards the lake; then catching a No. 2 omnibus (we might equally well have taken a 13 or a 48), we travelled in the direction of the Finchley Road, passing Lord's Cricket Ground on our way. Just before we

reached Golder's Green, we stopped the omnibus at Wycombe Gardens—we had by this time traversed a considerable part of Hampstead—and turned up the road opposite into Golder's Hill, a most pleasant recent addition to Hampstead Heath. Coming out at last on to the Heath itself, my relatives were delighted at the vastness of this open space so near London. We might at times have thought ourselves in the midst of the country. Passing the famous old "Bull and Bush" public house, we reached "Jack Straw's Castle"—Jack Straw was one of Wat Tyler's lieutenants (a recent suggestion is that they were one and the same person) and the "Castle" is supposed to have been a meeting-place of his men. Here we paused and enjoyed the superb views. We were as high as the top of the distant dome of St. Paul's, which we could see distinctly across the Heath and the houses, while on the other side was the spire of Harrow Church, upon its hill miles away. We strolled along the Spaniards' Road to the "Spaniards" inn, associated both with the Gunpowder Plot and the Gordon Riots, returning to "Jack Straw's Castle" for dinner. Afterwards we walked down the Grove, noticing some of the old houses for which Hampstead is famous, and came to the Tube Station, where we took a train back to Leicester Square and home.

# FRIDAY

My uncle and aunt and I met this morning at Oxford Circus, the intersection of Oxford Street and Regent Street, and walked north along the latter. We passed the Polytechnic on the left with the statue of Quintin Hogg, its founder, before it, and came to Langham Place, with All Souls' Church in the middle, and St. George's Hall (Maskelyne's "mysteries") and the Queen's Hall, the popular concert hall, on the right. We turned to the left round the Langham Hotel into Chandos Street and Queen Anne Street, crossing Harley Street and Wimpole Street. This, I reminded my relatives, is the centre of the doctors' and specialists' quarter of London. At Welbeck Street we crossed to the left into Bentinck Street, which led us soon to Manchester Square and Hertford House, where the Wallace Collection is.

Hertford House (formerly called Manchester House) was the old town home of the Marquises of Hertford, and afterwards passed into the possession of Sir Richard Wallace, whose widow bequeathed the priceless collection of treasures contained in it to the nation in 1897. The house was purchased at a later date.

The third Marquis of Hertford is said to be the original of Thackeray's "Lord Steyne" in *Vanity Fair* and thus Hertford House should be "Gaunt House." The most interesting feature of the Wallace Collection is that it comprises various forms of art and holds masterpieces of painting as well as of china and furniture.

I did not follow my usual custom and make out a list of what my relatives would probably best like to see here, because the Wallace Collection, unlike most of the museums in London, is rather a "go as you please" place than a "go where you are told." I thought it better to let them ramble round its two floors at their own sweet will; and at the end of an hour we all met again by the entrance. My uncle spoke enthusiastically of the armour, the miniatures, the Italian majolica, the clocks and the glass he had seen, while my aunt, who had spent most of her time on the upper floor, was full of the furniture, the jewels, the snuff boxes and the wonderful china. Both of them observed that in some respects the pictures here were as fine a collection as that in the National Gallery—particularly, they said, was this the case in respect of the Dutch and French schools. There was, for example, Hals's famous "Laughing Cavalier," which we thought rather over-rated by the public taste; there were marvellous works of Cuyp, Rembrandt, Metsu, the Teniers,

Hooch, Terborch, Jan Steen and Maes; of the Frenchmen, Watteau, Fragonard, Greuze, Claude, Meissonier, Vernet and Delacroix were excellently represented; there was also a Velasquez, a young Spanish prince mounted on a prancing horse, which we all had noticed and admired.

We still had most of the morning before us and I suggested to my aunt that she would perhaps like to spend some of it shopping. It was after all a pity, I said, to be so near the great shops and to pass them so often on our way to various places of interest, yet never to be able to enter them. As I expected, she jumped at the idea, as did my uncle at first, but I noticed that my aunt's enthusiasm gradually aroused a proportionate lack of interest in him. I took advantage of this to send him away for another glance at the National Gallery, while my aunt and I did our best to justify his distrust by ferreting round the excellent shops in Regent Street, Bond Street, Piccadilly and the connecting streets. There is, I suppose, no city in the world, not even Paris, where there is such a large assortment of wares as in the London shops; and though, of course, there are some houses that are better than others, with a little searching one may find almost everything that can be desired. My aunt was pleased to find that the common rule of the shopkeepers was to have one price and stick to it, which,

she assured me, was not by any means the case in every city she knew.

We finished our shopping in Piccadilly, and I took my aunt to an early lunch at "Les Lauriers" in Jermyn Street, a cosy restaurant, where my uncle rejoined us, very full of the new pictures he had discovered in the National Gallery. After lunch we walked to Piccadilly Circus near by—on the way I showed my relatives the beautiful old shop-front of the tobacconist's at the top of the Haymarket—and caught a No. 3 omnibus, which was to take us out to Dulwich and the Crystal Palace.

We crossed Westminster Bridge, looking at the members of Parliament and their friends on the terrace, and passed the new London Council Hall and, on the other side of the road, St. Thomas's Hospital. We turned into the Kennington Park Road, where on the right, looking back, we had charming little glimpses of Lambeth Palace, Westminster Cathedral and the Parliament buildings. Along the Brixton road we came soon to Brixton, where the Lord Mayor of Cork died in prison as a result of a hunger-strike. In the Dulwich Road we passed the huge recreation ground of Brockwell Park and, entering Croxted Road, we alighted at Thurlow Park Road, up which we turned to the left, and came to Gallery Road, with the famous Dulwich Picture Gallery on our right.

The Gallery is more or less connected with

Dulwich College, and began with a small collection of pictures intended for King Stanislaus II of Poland, whose kingdom, however, was partitioned (1793) before he could take possession of them; after some fifteen years the pictures were put in charge of the College and the gallery made. The collection is important because of the excellent Dutch, Flemish, French and English pictures. There are many works by Cuyp, Rembrandt, Hobbema, the two Teniers and Van Dyke. Besides these, the pictures that most interested my relatives were, in room 11, to our right as we entered, Gainsborough's "Mrs. Moodey and Children"; in room 10, some fine Gainsboroughs, Hogarths, Romneys, and a portrait by Charles Jervas, more famous as the translator of *Don Quixote;* in room 3, in the centre of the building, Canaletto's interesting "Old Walton Bridge"; in room 5, a Murillo; in room 6, Reynolds' "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" and "The Death of Cardinal Beaufort"; in room 9, returning to the centre, Velasquez' "Philip of Spain," Murillo's "Flower Girl," Carlo Dolci's "St. Catherine," and Gainsborough's "The Linley Sisters"; then, in the newly added French Room (No. 12) some excellent examples of the work of Claude and of Nicholas Poussin. There was also some exquisite furniture, notably two tortoiseshell commodes and some Louis XV chairs in room 9.

# DULWICH, CRYSTAL PALACE, ETC.

Scale 2 inches to 1 mile
Railways
Electric Railways
DULWICH
PARK
CRYSTAL
PALACE
Picture Gallery
Refreshment Ho.
Bell Ho.
The Elms
Toleswa Ho.
The Grange
Eastlands
Dulwich Coll.
Dulwich Sta.
E. Dulwich Sta.
Sydenham Hill Sta.
Upper Sydenham Sta.
Forest Hill Sta.
Gipsy Hill Sta.
Crystal Palace Sta.
Sydenham Sta.
Lordship Lane Sta.
Horniman's Museum
Southwark Water Works (Reservoirs)
Peckham Rye Common
Peckham Rye Park
Dulwich Village
Dulwich Common
Half Moon
Denmark Hill
Grove Vale
East Dulwich Road
Peckham Rye
Lordship Lane
London Road
Sydenham Hill
Crystal Palace Park Road
Crystal Palace Parade
Sydenham Rise
Kirkdale
Westwood Hill
Central Hill
Gipsy Hill
Inglewood
Bloomfield
Hope
Pol. Sta.
Westow Hill
Archery Gd.
Reservoir
Fountain
Rosary
Terrace Hor.
Cemetery
Honor Oak Rd.
Honor Oak Road
Forest Hill Road
Dulwich Wood
Sydenham Wood
Kingswood Ho.
Wood Ho.
Dulwich Village
Dulwich Common
Eastern Hill
Lovers Walk
Alleyn Park
Park Hill
Sydenham Park
Sydenham Rise
Kirkdale
Westwood Hill
Central Hill
Gipsy Hill
Crystal Palace Park Road
Crystal Palace Parade
Sydenham Sta.
Forest Hill Sta.
Dulwich Sta.
E. Dulwich Sta.
Gipsy Hill Sta.
Crystal Palace Sta.
Lordship Lane Sta.
Upper Sydenham Sta.
Sydenham Hill Sta.
Pol. Sta.

We turned to the right on leaving the Gallery, strolled past the old Chapel Cottage and entered the courtyard of Dulwich Old College, surrounded on three sides by the old school buildings and the chapel. The buildings now contain the estate offices of the College and almshouses. The College itself has been removed from here to newer premises some little distance away, but the chapel is still used by the boys. We peeped through the Old College Gate at Dulwich Park, famous for its rhododendrons. Altogether Dulwich, with its mediaeval buildings and large green expanses of lawns and trees, seemed to us a most delectable and unspoiled spot to be so near the city. We returned to Gallery Road and went back to where we had got off the omnibus, catching another going in the same direction. This soon brought us within sight of the Crystal Palace, a vast glass and iron erection which London saw for the first time in Hyde Park in 1851, when it was built to accommodate Prince Albert's "Great Exhibition."

Our omnibus stopped at the entrance to the Palace and we had a fine panoramic view of London; then, entering the Palace, we found ourselves at once in the midst of the War Museum. This is an interesting collection of objects connected with every branch of the Great War. We found the first part devoted to the Air Force, with examples of the various

types of aeroplanes used both by the Allies and the enemy, among those of the latter being the giant bombing plane which raided Southend at the mouth of the Thames and evading destruction or capture, was handed over after the armistice. There were also relics and portraits of distinguished flying officers and a splendid collection of pictures relating to this special type of work, by artists who themselves served with the Royal Air Force. There was another interesting exhibit illustrating the different methods of British and of German Air Intelligence, and we saw as well some British and German electrically heated clothing, uniforms and aerial instruments.

The next section dealt with the Navy, and there were models of many of the best known battleships, cruisers, light cruisers, flotilla leaders and other ships which took part in the War, as well as of a floating dock at Portsmouth and of the *Argus*, the famous aircraft carrier. My uncle stopped to look at the ensigns flown by our ships in the principal battles, including the Commander-in-Chief's flag worn by the *Iron Duke* in the Battle of Jutland—this a loan from Lord Jellicoe himself. My aunt on the other hand, was more interested in a fragment of a boat belonging to the ill-fated *Hampshire*, in the foundering of which Lord Kitchener lost his life on his way to Russia in 1916.

There were naval guns captured in various parts of the world, from the Dardanelles to the Falkland Islands, as well as torpedoes and mines and similar objects used by the various forces. I took my relatives to see the collapsible boat (a loan from the King) in which Roger Casement landed in Ireland from a German vessel, with the hope of leading an insurrection against British rule, a forlorn enterprise that ended with his capture, imprisonment in the Tower of London, trial and execution. A canoe used by the *Chatham* to locate the German cruiser *Konigsberg*, which was hidden up the Rufigi River in East Africa in 1915, was also shown us as a relic of a very strange and distant phase of the war. We found it difficult to see all the important things, since the exhibition was so large and comprehensive; every section would have interested a specialist as much as it did us.

Next we came to the section dealing with the part played by women in the War. This, of course, interested my aunt extremely and she did not fail to give careful attention to the models of women workers in all the branches of their activity. She called us over and showed us the models of the Scottish Women's Hospital Unit in the Serbian trenches; women working on T.N.T. at Woolwich Arsenal—their faces a ghastly yellow from the fumes of the explosive; the concert parties at the Front; the land girls ploughing, hay-baling

and felling timber; and even cleaning and testing depth charge pistols in a destroyer. She stopped for some time in front of the collection of uniforms worn by women workers in the War.

We found two mountain guns that were captured from the Germans in South-West Africa, their barrels beautifully chased with spread eagles and other Imperial insignia, beside which the other guns looked merely business-like. In the Trench War section there are models of trenches near Festubert in 1916 and others showing the same type of thing two years later at the close of the War. Periscopes, "sniperscopes," wire-cutters, stands for fixed rifles, helmets and armour, and some British, French and German hand grenades, all helped to make clearer to my relatives this phase of the fighting. But perhaps the most appealing exhibit in the whole exhibition is the collection of signposts used in our trenches, with their half humorous, half pathetic reminders of famous streets at home.

The "War of Movement" is represented by motor machine gun outfits, similar guns on pack saddles, and a workshop lorry which served in France from July, 1915, to the armistice. There are also models of converted motor omnibuses, motor lorries, travelling kitchens and water-carts. Illustrating the British campaign in North Russia are models

of dog and reindeer sledges ; and some models of barges reminded us of British work on the French rivers and canals.

The Veterinary Section is unexpectedly interesting, with its models of horse ambulances and buildings for the treatment of injured and sick animals. We looked also at a collection of uniforms from several of the Allied countries. If this list of what we saw seems a little chaotic, it represents more or less the impression made upon us by the exhibition as a whole, which is chockablock with the most varied things.

Standing out from all the rest in interest, however, are the war photographs and the paintings and drawings made by official artists. The photographs, as my relatives said, brought home to them more closely than anything else they had ever seen or read the true nature of the War, with all its horror, its devastation, its dullness, its marvels of mechanical efficiency, its varied success and the final victory. We thought that if we visited this museum again, we should spend most of our time examining these thousands of photographs. The paintings and drawings too were very interesting, although two considerations irked us in looking at them. In the first place, many of the best works have been removed from the museum to other galleries—we were to see some at the Tate—while, of the remainder, quite a number were obviously suffering from the unsuitableness of the Crystal Palace for their reception.

The heat of the sun had affected both the pigments and the canvases unfavourably, and the old roof let in the rain in places. It was not yet certain, we were informed, whether the exhibition would remain at the Palace, which had only been intended as a temporary home for it, or whether the better and more important parts of it would be sifted out and removed to one of the Kensington Museums. We were inclined to agree that the second course would probably be the better one.

From the British Headquarters in France came Lord Haig's desk and chair. A new addition to the museum, of particular interest, was the gift by Lord Haig of some personal relics. Amongst these were copies of two of his best known Orders of the Day, the first issued in the dark Spring days of 1918, calling upon his men to set their backs to the wall and fight for dear life (April 11th), an appeal to which they responded so valiantly that the issue of the second Order became possible—that of November 13th, 1918, congratulating them upon the victory that had been won; "by your efforts and those of the gallant armies of our Allies the nations of the world have been saved from a great danger." Lord Haig has also sent a map showing the disposition of the Allied and enemy forces at the date of the armistice; and, a curious exhibit, a stick presented to him still more recently by the chief of the Zulus, conferring on him powers

of life and death, in token of his prowess as a great warrior.

We left the Palace and roamed through the grounds for a little while; then we took an electric train at the station which quickly brought us to Victoria. From here it was only a step to Westminster Cathedral, the largest Roman Catholic church in the British Isles. We had seen its tall tower from almost everywhere we went in and around London, and my uncle had often spoken of climbing it for the view. But, as I expected, now that we had arrived there, he decided that it was rather too exhausting a task, and we confined ourselves to walking round the vast floor of the building. the main structure of which was completed in 1903, though the interior is not nearly ready yet. It is already, however, a wonderful place, and, although we did not enter the crypt, where there are some interesting mosaics, we admired very much the beautiful Stations of the Cross, cut in white marble by Eric Gill, which decorate the pillars. My relatives declared that in their opinion this would soon be one of the finest churches in London, and I was inclined to agree with them.

We took an omnibus in Victoria Street to their hotel, where we changed into our evening clothes, as we proposed to dine at Claridge's, one of the most fashionable and exclusive London restaurants. After dinner there—a

solemn initiation into the temple of fashion and riches—we went to a theatre and, later on, I took my relatives to the Roof Garden of the Criterion Restaurant, in Piccadilly Circus, where we had a late supper and I danced with my aunt to the music of the orchestra. It was much past midnight when we reached the street again and returned to our hotels.

# SATURDAY

Our meeting-place this morning was Parliament Square. Saturday is the only day when one can be certain of obtaining permission to see the Houses of Parliament, which we had perforce been obliged to omit from our programme on Tuesday. To-day it was clear that there would be no difficulty about entering, for we saw a number of people already approaching the "Royal Entrance," at the end of the buildings, through which the public is admitted.

At first we followed the route that the King and Queen take when they open Parliament; we ascended the Royal Staircase to the King's Robing Room, and walked, as they do, through the Royal Gallery to the House of Lords. We entered this behind their thrones and stood beside the comfortable "Woolsack" of the Lord Chancellor, while we gazed round the Chamber, which struck my relatives as much smaller than they had expected—an impression that was to be repeated later when they entered the House of Commons. At the far end was the Bar, where the members of the Lower House assemble—or at least, that small proportion of them for whom there is room—

when something of great moment occurs in the House of Lords. We then came out to the Peers' Lobby, and my relatives paid a proper tribute of interest to the hat-rack, which has a labelled peg for every member of the House.

In the Peers' Lobby, which we now entered, there are eight large wall-paintings, of more historical than artistic importance. They refer to the Stuart and Cromwellian times and represent the Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers on August 5th, 1620; Speaker Lenthall resisting Charles I's attempt to arrest the five members of Parliament; Charles I raising his standard at Nottingham in 1642; the expulsion of the fellows of an Oxford College for refusing to sign the Covenant; the London trained bands marching out to raise the siege of Gloucester in 1643; the valiant defence of Basing House, in Hampshire, which was besieged by Cromwell in 1645; the Burial of Charles I; and the parting of Lord Russell from his wife before his execution.

We now came to the Central Hall, with its statues of kings and statesmen, and crossed it to the Commons Corridor, which also has eight large pictures on the walls:—the execution of Montrose, the faithful Cavalier who was betrayed by Charles II; the escape of Charles II after Worcester; General Monk's declaration for a Free Parliament; Charles II's landing at Dover; the last sleep of the Marquis of Argyle before his execution; Dame

Alice Lisle hiding refugees after Sedgmoor, for which she was condemned to death by James II and Judge Jeffreys, although she had no sympathy with the Monmouth rebellion; the acquittal of the Seven Bishops in Westminster Hall; and Parliament offering the crown of England to William and Mary.

Through the Commons Lobby we entered the House of Commons itself. The Speaker's chair was at the far end, while before it was the table where the clerks sit and the mace is set. The Government benches are on the Speaker's right, and the Opposition on his left; we saw too the Peers' Gallery, the Distinguished Members' Gallery, and, above the Speaker, the Ladies' and the Press Galleries. My uncle, who was a keen Parliamentarian, enquired from the attendant where the usual seats of his favourite M.P.'s were; when he had acquired the information, we returned to the Central Hall. We turned to our right and came into St. Stephen's Hall, which is built on the exact site of the old St. Stephen's Chapel, where for three hundred years (until the fire in 1834) the Commons used to meet; it is from this fact that the Houses of Parliament are so often called "St. Stephen's" even to this day. Down the steps we were able to peer into old Westminster Hall, on the right, which has been closed to visitors for some time owing to the extensive alterations to the roof and walls. This is a part of the

original palace and until forty years ago was the chief Law Court of the Kingdom. It was here that Charles I was condemned to death, and Oliver Cromwell, sitting in the Scone Chair from the Abbey, installed as Lord Protector. Guy Fawkes too was condemned here, and the Seven Bishops acquitted. Edward VII's body lay in state here in 1910. It is by far the most interesting part of the whole building, and we were sorry that we could not inspect it more closely.

Reaching the street again, we turned to our left and came to the Victoria Tower Gardens, set right on the river, with Rodin's noble monument of the Burghers of Calais delivering the keys of their city to King Edward III. Across the river we could see Lambeth Palace, which for over seven hundred years has been the official town residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Continuing down the embankment, called Millbank here, and the Grosvenor Road further along, we passed Lambeth Bridge and soon came to the Tate Gallery.

Here I had four or five rooms to show my relatives. First we visited the collection of Blake's wonderful water-colours. I reminded them that it is only of recent years that Blake's pictorial genius has been properly appreciated, although to-day he is recognised as one of the greatest of British artists. I invited them to look well at his work, for we were about, I told them, to visit the room

devoted to contemporary British art and I suggested that they would have an opportunity of comparing them. Blake's work, I said, is as modern as it can be ; that is to say, it cannot be dated, but is always young and beautiful. We crossed the entrance hall and came to the new pictures, where I showed my relatives the admirable collection of contemporary works. We saw some of the finest earlier paintings of Augustus John, examples of the work of Tonks, Rothenstein, Sargent, Sickert, Muirhead Bone, Gwen John, Orpen, McEvoy and others. There were also works by the younger men of to-day—such as Henry Lamb, Alvaro Guevara, Nevinson and Mark Gertler. In recent years the poor pictures which used to make the Tate Gallery as depressingly mediocre as the Guildhall Gallery have been weeded out, and it is now (especially the room we had seen) among the most interesting exhibitions in London. We passed into the Sculpture Hall, where there were two fine examples of the portrait sculpture of Jacob Epstein, one of them a very recent acquisition. On the wall hung a huge cartoon by Augustus John, as characteristic of his work as the more agreeable "Smiling Woman" we had just seen. On the side walls we saw some of the best pictures on loan from the Imperial War Museum, including a fine Palestine scene by Henry Lamb.

The modern French pictures too were

pleasing, both by their excellence and their freshness; and after seeing these, the Blakes and the new English pictures, we were hardly in the mood fully to appreciate the Turners in an adjoining room. But the Hogarth series—"Mariage à la mode"—and some beautiful Gainsboroughs and Constables attracted our attention, and we were loath to bring our visit to an end.

Leaving the Gallery, we continued down the Grosvenor Road, which here turned in a little from the riverside. We passed a wharf with some old figure-heads of ships outside it; then, passing Vauxhall Bridge, we soon came out on the river-side again by the small Pimlico Gardens. The river scenes interested us as we followed the road, and soon we reached the railway-bridge, with little sheafs of straw hanging from some of its arches to show that these were under repair. In a minute or two now we passed the Chelsea suspension bridge, and entered the interesting neighbourhood of Chelsea itself. Sir Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor (1478–1535), may be said to be the discoverer of Chelsea, which soon became the place of residence of many other important people of his time. At the beginning of the eighteenth century Sir Hans Sloane, the physician (not to be confused with Sir John Soane, the architect) became the principal resident, and it is to his generosity that we owe many of the surviving charms of Chelsea.

Later on Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881), the "Sage of Chelsea," and other writers brought renown to the place, as did also the presence of Turner, Whistler, and innumerable other painters after them. The Chelsea Hospital, which we reached just beyond the bridge, was built by Charles II as a home for old soldiers, a use it still retains, the red coats of the inmates being a familiar sight in London's streets in the summer. We did not enter the Hospital grounds, but contented ourselves with looking through the gates and remembering that part of the gardens used to be the Ranelagh Gardens, so famous in the old days for junketings and festivities. Battersea Park on the other bank of the river makes this portion of London extremely picturesque, and I repeated to my relatives Laurence Housman's lines :

> "... A cuckoo called at Lincoln's Inn
> Last April ; in Soho was heard
> The missel-thrush with throat of glee,
> And nightingales at Battersea."

In a few minutes we came to the Physic Garden, a beautiful spot, with a statue of Sir Hans Sloane, the donor, in its midst. A little further on, separated from the riverside by a small garden, is the beginning of Cheyne Walk, at once the most beautiful and most famous thoroughfare in Chelsea. We passed the Albert Bridge ; and a statue of Carlyle in another small garden in Cheyne Walk warned

me to turn up Cheyne Row to Carlyle's house, which we found at No. 24 on the right hand side. We rang the bell and were admitted to ramble over the house, which is preserved as a memorial in pretty much the same state as it was when Carlyle died; my relatives were delighted with the many intimate relics of the great writer and insisted on visiting every room that was open. When we emerged, we returned to the river side and continued our walk along it. We arrived immediately at Chelsea Old Church, about which it is difficult to be too enthusiastic. My relatives declared at once that they had found nothing to please them more in the whole of London than this lovely old place, with its delightful interior, its ancient memorials, its chained Bible (the gift of Hans Sloane) and the quaint and interesting inscriptions scattered about its walls. One, beneath an old bell, describes how the donor presented it to the church in 1679 because the sound of the bell of this church saved him from drowning in the river. The outside of Chelsea Old Church is as beautiful as the interior, and we stopped for a while to admire it before we went on to gaze at Crosby Hall at the foot of Danvers Street. Crosby Hall, part of a fifteenth century building (the rest of which was burnt down long ago), was removed from Bishopsgate in 1908 and re-erected, stone by stone, on its present site. It is possible to enter it,

but we did not trouble to do so. Reaching Battersea Bridge, we crossed the road to look at the houses where Mrs. Gaskell was born (No. 93), Whistler lived (No. 96), and Turner died (No. 118); then we retraced our steps to the "Blue Cockatoo," a quaint little restaurant by the Albert Bridge, where we lunched.

After our meal we took a No. 49 omnibus to South Kensington Station, a short journey, and alighting there, entered the Imperial Institute up Exhibition Road. My relatives looked at the two long corridors where, as I told them, the products of the various British dominions and colonies are displayed, each in its own section, and then they looked at me. They said that they were prepared to sacrifice their patriotism on this occasion to their convenience, and did not think it was really necessary for them to inspect the galleries. I readily agreed, and, when I had informed them that the building upstairs was partly devoted to the development of Imperial resources, and partly to the head-quarters of the University of London, we turned into the Indian Museum next door. This, on the contrary, we found extraordinarily interesting. The entrance hall was surrounded by Indian house-fronts, constructed and ingeniously carved in wood. On the verandah of one of them there were some life-size figures of Indian servants at work. In the middle of the hall a model of a busy bazaar caught our attention,

and my uncle, who had spent some years in India, assured us that it was wonderfully true to life. A couple of cases of Javanese shadow-figures and Burmese marionettes were only two more of the interesting exhibits, while on the other side of the hall was "Tippu's Tiger" —a musical instrument decorated with a tiger mauling a prostrate European dressed in the uniform of the old East India Company. We passed along the main corridor of the Museum, glancing at the numerous interesting things that were there, and at the end we ascended a flight of stairs to the upper floor, along which we returned to the entrance. My uncle's reminiscences at the sight of so much Indian work—armour and jewels and paintings and statues in all kinds of metals, to say nothing of the other exhibits—became inexhaustible, and it was all I could do to drag him away. I whispered to him that, if we stopped here too long, my aunt would want to spend some time also in the neighbouring Royal School of Needlework, for which we had certainly no leisure (interesting though it is); and this helped me to bring them both out into the street and round to the entrance of the Natural History Museum.

Here we were able fortunately to walk through all the principal rooms that interested us, without stopping too long in any. We turned sharp to the left on entering from Cromwell Road, and came to the galleries full of

stuffed birds and animals, many of the cases excellently arranged to depict them in their natural surroundings. At the end there is, for example, a beautiful case showing wild birds on the Bass Rock. We turned up the last corridor (the Coral Gallery), full of specimens of coral formations and sponges, and went down a staircase to the Whale Room, with skeletons and models of this animal and its like. Returning to the Coral Gallery, we entered the next room, which has two horribly lifelike models of a giant squid and an octopus hanging from the ceiling, and where there is a collection of shells; and then we passed into the gallery devoted to starfish and similar small sea-animals. In the next room we were confronted by models of Dinosaurs—one plain, the other coloured, or at least, horned. In the same room there were some enormous turtles and pythons.

My uncle became vastly reminiscent about the White Ants' nests in the following gallery, and in consequence hardly noticed the sharks a little further on. Now we came again to the entrance hall, passing a section of a Californian giant tree and some cases of beautifully coloured humming birds. In the great hall we saw a huge stuffed elephant, some interesting studies of crossbreeding and albinism in animals, some examples of protective resemblance both in wild animals and butterflies, and some horrible enlargements of disease-

bearing insects. There were, of course, many more things that we had not time to see. We crossed the hall and entered the galleries on the other side, which are mainly devoted to fossils and the remains of extinct animals. My aunt observed later on that the officials of the Museum seemed to have two favourite solutions for dealing with vacant spaces; if the vacancy is a large one, they put in a stuffed elephant, while, if it is small, they rely on humming-birds. Be this as it may, we found an incongruous stuffed elephant or two among the fossils, near the remains of a mammoth found at Ilford. The parallel gallery in this wing contains more remains and reconstructions of enormous extinct beasts, such as the Cetisaurus, which used seemingly to walk about in fairly deep water with its ugly head sticking out above the surface. All the horrors of the natural history books were before us, either in the full skeleton or in some portion of it.

Upstairs on the left side we found a further collection of stuffed animals, from lions to gazelles, and rhinoceroses to seals; but we did not spend any time in the mineral gallery opposite, since it would not have interested us as it interests experts. Higher up, on the second floor, the botanical section made little appeal to us, whereas the apes; the flying lemurs (which were half insects and half animals—and another half birds, as my aunt

insisted); the beavers in their brook; and the fine collection of models of human racial types interested us mightily. On the landing outside we saw a tiger shot by King George in Nepal some years ago.

Leaving the Natural History Museum with reluctance, we came to the "fat boy" among London museums—the Victoria and Albert. This gigantic collection—intended to be an exhibition of industrial art—is said to cover over twelve acres of ground, and is so enormous that even a week's hard work would hardly allow everything in it to be noticed. Here was clearly a case for selection, and I determined to take my relatives to visit only a few of its many sections and such as I thought would most please them. Our first move was to the left of the Cromwell Road entrance, where we descended the steps to the lower Ground Floor and the marvellous collection of old woodwork and furniture exhibited there. Our memory of the beautiful furniture in the Wallace Collection was now almost eclipsed by what we were now seeing here and on the floor above (Ground Floor); the old panelled rooms, complete with their furniture, are of surpassing charm. There is a room from a French chateau; another from Holland; another from Italian Switzerland; others from the Old Palace at Bow, Sizergh Castle in Westmorland, Clifford's Inn, Hatton Garden and Westminster; and in the rest of the space are the

most marvellous old chests, chairs, tables and other pieces of furniture. When we came into the West Hall, we found the entire frontage of Sir Paul Pindar's house from Bishopsgate (seventeenth century), and two enormous old staircases, reaching up the whole height of the building; as well as many other fine specimens of architectural decoration. In the South Court some little distance away we lost ourselves amidst the unrivalled collection of metal work. The finest specimens of the goldsmiths', silversmiths' and other metal-workers' arts were here, and my uncle settled down in the little room devoted to pewter until we had almost forcibly to remove him. I then took my relatives upstairs to see the original Raphael cartoons for the Sistine Chapel tapestries, and on the way my aunt became absorbed in the collection of lace. When we had descended again to the carpet rooms, I was exhausted with trying to make my relatives use their time economically, and for the remainder of our visit I let them follow their own sweet wills, with the result that, while my uncle stood in admiration before the old Italian sculptures and the new collection of Rodin's works, my aunt made her way upstairs again and discovered the enamels and the china. It was only at closing time that they met again, luxuriously weary with gazing upon so many beautiful things.

We boarded an omnibus near the museums,

which brought us back to the centre of the town, passing the Brompton Oratory, which is associated directly and indirectly with Cardinals Newman and Manning—a statue of the latter stands outside the adjoining Oratory House. It was not very late in the evening as yet, and I took my relatives to the lounge of the Regent Palace Hotel, where I suggested they should rest until dinner time. I think they were a little surprised to find this exuberant café in the staid bosom of London. When they felt refreshed, I carried them off to the " Ivy," opposite the St. Martin's Theatre off Cambridge Circus, which, formerly a small restaurant of the usual Soho-Italian type, has expanded into a flourishing West-end establishment, a success that in our after-dinner opinion it fully deserved. We went to one of the neighbouring theatres afterwards, thus concluding an eminently satisfactory day.

# SUNDAY

On Sunday morning I induced my uncle and aunt to accompany me on an early omnibus ride into the city, which seemed so much more picturesque with all the shops shut and the offices empty. We arrived at St. Paul's Cathedral, however, at eleven o'clock in time for the service, which impressed them thoroughly, both on account of the majesty of the place and the excellent music. When the service ended at about half-past twelve we took an omnibus back to Hyde Park Corner, in order to assist at that most characteristic London ceremony—the Church parade in Hyde Park. As we entered the Park and approached the Achilles statue (for generations the centre of fashionable promenades on Sunday mornings), we found a crowd of people assembled, slowly strolling up and down, recognising notabilities, bowing to friends and generally enjoying the spectacle. The place was like a beehive. Besides the innumerable strollers, there were hundreds of men and women seated on the Park benches and chairs, watching them. Rotten Row, the road reserved for horseback riders, was full of these, and my uncle admired some of the hacks they were mounted on. Not

all the riders were equally proficient, however, and we saw a runaway horsewoman rescued in the most romantic fashion by one of her companions just as her frightened horse was about to dash into the crowd by the statue. Hundreds of slowly moving carriages and motorcars passed up and down the roads beside us, and I sang to my relatives such verses as I thought suitable of the old ballad which includes the priceless lines :—

" See 'er driving in 'Yde Par-rk,
With 'er footmen all so gay ;
And the dukes and nobby persons
Come to pass the time o' day.

" It's the same the 'ole world over ;
Isn't it a 'orrid shame !
It's the rich as gets the pleasure ;
It's the poor as gets the blame . . . ."

After half an hour or so, the crowd began to thin, as people went home to luncheon, and we walked to the Hyde Park Hotel for lunch, which we ate on the terrace overlooking the Park.

I begged my relatives not to stop too long over their meal, and early in the afternoon we mounted an omnibus *en route* for Kew. We passed along Knightsbridge, a fashionable part of the town, with the barracks on our right, and then came out alongside Kensington Gardens. On the left the house of the Royal

Geographical Society attracted our attention, and then we saw its gigantic neighbour, the Albert Hall, erected in 1867 in memory of the Prince Consort; opposite which is the much-abused Albert Memorial (1876). A minute later we saw the Broad Walk which traverses Kensington Gardens, and then Kensington Palace, where Queen Victoria was born. We now came to the High Street, Kensington—which Mr. G. K. Chesterton once humorously referred to as his "native heath"—with St. Mary Abbots, the parish church of Kensington, lying back at the corner of Church Street. My relatives could hardly believe that only fifty years ago doctors used to charge country fees for a visit to a patient in Kensington, which to-day seems to be almost centrally situated in London. The next place of interest we came to was Holland House, an old Tudor building somewhat hidden from the road. A contrast in styles was afforded by the huge Olympia building just across Addison Road railway bridge; this is used for various exhibitions during the year, such as the Motor Show, the Military Tournament and the International Horse Show. A little further on we passed Cadby Hall, the head offices of Messrs. Lyons, the caterers; and on the left, St. Paul's School. This building was built some forty years ago for the school, which had hitherto been situated behind St. Paul's Cathedral ever since its foundation by Dean Colet in 1509. Pepys,

# KEW, RICHMOND, AND HAMPTON COURT

Marlborough, Milton and Judge Jeffreys were among its pupils in the old days.

We came to Hammersmith, a suburb that has definitely ousted Hampstead from the position of the most cultured outlying portion of London—it is the most successful exponent of the new and admirable creed of decentralised intellectual and artistic work—and Chiswick, which, on the contrary, is no longer as alive as it was a hundred years ago. This part of our ride would have been tedious if it had not been so interesting for us to see the enormous growth of London, which has increased similarly in all directions during the last half century. Before long, we came to Kew and its neighbour, Brentford, the latter now the county town of Middlesex. Thackeray wrote that :—

> "There was a King in Brentford—
> Of whom no legends tell . . ."

which is the sad truth about this traditional monarch.

We alighted at Kew Bridge and crossed the river, turning then to our right over Kew Green into Kew Gardens, the most famous botanical gardens in existence. We walked through the beautiful grounds and entered the tropical atmosphere of the Palm House, where we saw the vegetation of the jungles flourishing as in its proper clime. We passed on to the Temperate House with its excellent collection

of Himalayan and Mexican plants. In the grounds my aunt found a delightful rockery, full of all imaginable kinds of rock plants, from which it was exceedingly difficult to induce her to come away, while my uncle, no less enthusiastic a gardener, showed great stubbornness in the Orchid house. We gazed up at the Pagoda from a distance, and then I persuaded my relatives to leave the gardens by the Lion Gate, on the left at the end, where we caught a No. 27 A omnibus, which was to take us to Richmond and Hampton Court.

We reached Richmond almost at once, and crossed the bridge, looking down at the welter of small craft on the river. There is a pleasant walk to be made through Richmond, and I should have liked to take my relatives up to the "Star and Garter"—famous in the old days as an inn, but now transformed into a home for disabled sailors and soldiers—but we had no time for this and sat tight on the top of the omnibus. The next part of our journey was not very interesting—through Twickenham and Teddington—but fortunately it did not take long. I was able, however, to point out "Pope's Villa" on the left on the river bank—a very ugly house, now occupied by a convent school, on the site of the poet's beloved villa. Soon we entered the gates of Bushey Park and traversed the famous Chestnut Avenue, to see which, when the trees are all in bloom, thousands of Londoners make a

pilgrimage on "Chestnut Sunday" in the early part of the summer. My uncle told us that the great naturalist, Alfred Russel Wallace, used to declare that there was no sight in the world so wonderful as the chestnuts of Bushey Park in bloom. At the Diana Statue, originally erected by Charles II at Hampton Court, four avenues of the great trees meet, a wonderful sight at all seasons of the year. When our conveyance came out of Bushey Park, we got off it and entered Hampton Court Park through the Lion Gates opposite.

My relatives insisted on entering the Maze, in which they quickly lost themselves and me, although I thought I knew the key to its intricacies. However, we got each other out at last, and somewhat breathless from our endeavours, made our way to the Broad Walk, which soon brought us to the Palace itself. This beautiful building, as is well known, was built by Cardinal Wolsey at the beginning of the sixteenth century; but he soon thought well to present it to Henry VIII, who probably would have taken it in any case, so much did he covet it. Henry made many alterations to the original building, though of these, too, not very much now remains, most of the existing structure being built by William III, who also laid out many of the beautiful gardens. For the last one hundred and sixty years, however, the Palace has not been used as a

royal residence, and it is to-day occupied chiefly by pensioners of the Court. I wanted to enter the Palace before it was closed, postponing our inspection of the gardens until we came out; and so, passing under the centre of the building, we entered it from the Clock Court. The clock which gives this its name is nearly four hundred years old.

We climbed a flight of stairs and walked through such rooms of the Palace as are shown to visitors. Most of them are overfilled with pictures, and I was bound to agree with my aunt that it would probably have been a much better arrangement if most of the pictures had been weeded out and the rooms arranged as far as possible in their original state. A certain amount of beautiful old furniture is still in them and it would surely have been easy, she said, to make the necessary restorations. As it is, however, the views from the windows are often more interesting than the exhibits inside the rooms. We made an exception in the case of Wolsey's closet, a lovely little chamber lined with old oak panelling of rare merit, and of the King's "Watching Chamber," which possesses a fine old ceiling. The mantelpieces too in most of the rooms are very pleasing. We were not sorry to have seen the interior of the Palace, although, as I say, we thought it might easily have been made so very much more attractive.

Leaving the building at last, we returned to the gardens, where we wandered about pleasurably for a certain time. These gardens are by far the most delightful grounds in the neighbourhood of London and are perhaps not excelled anywhere in the world. The long beds against the front of the Palace and those scattered about the lawns contain a wonderful collection of flowers and plants, all excellently cared for. The "Long Water," an oval stretch of water nearly half a mile in length, set at right angles to the Palace front, was constructed by the orders of Charles II, who much appreciated the beauties of Hampton Court. We returned to the west of the Palace and came to the series of smaller gardens. There were, we found, many beautiful walks to be made amidst them, and we stopped for a long time under the leafy hedge of the Pond Garden, constructed by Henry VIII. This little garden, with its flowering beds, its lawns and formal trees, its fountain and figures, is the gem of the place.

We left the Park at last and walked down to the riverside. As at Richmond there were hundreds of punts and skiffs manœuvering beneath the bridge, and we saw some of the river steamers that run upstream to Oxford—a pleasant two days' trip, with an overnight stop at Henley—and downstream to Westminster. Had we had more time to spare, we might perhaps have taken the boat from

London to Hampton Court, for, although the scenery is not very fine until one gets well away from the city and its suburbs, the great waterway is never without interest. However, this was out of the question for a week's visit, unless we had been prepared to sacrifice other things that we were intent upon seeing.

The tow-path upstream soon brought us to Tagg's Island, with its gay restaurant and gardens. A crowd of house-boats, moored near by, resounded with gramophones and voices and laughter, all of which showed us that Hampton Court to-day provides more pleasure for the many than leisured calm for the few, unlike the old days of its prime. Hurst Park racecourse was on our left, where, especially on Bank holidays, extremely popular meetings are held.

It began to grow dark and we turned and walked back to the bridge, where we found our way to the railway station and took a a train back to town. We took a taxi from Waterloo station to the small "Eiffel Tower" restaurant in Percy Street, off the Tottenham Court Road, where (as a few wise people know) the finest cooking in London may be found, I ordered *Petite marmite*, *filets de sole florentine*, and roast duck—and never dined better in my life.

At my relatives' hotel, I sat in their room while they finished their packing; and when this was done, I asked them if they were

satisfied with their week's visit to London. They said, much to my gratification, that they were more than delighted with the interest of the places to which they had been, the variety of them, and the arrangement of our seven days' programme.

"There is only one thing I regret," said my aunt hesitatingly at the end.

"What is that?" my uncle and I asked simultaneously.

"I should have liked another day or two at the shops!"

My uncle suppressed a remark. Then he too uttered his final judgment, which was all the more a compliment for being an indirect one.

"The only thing *I* regret," he said, "is that you are not coming to Paris with us."

The suggestions of a rich uncle are not lightly to be disregarded.

"That depends," I replied, "upon the length of your stay there."

"A week," answered my aunt.

"The same as here," my uncle added.

"Very well, then, said I. "I have successfully shown you London in seven days. Now for Paris!"

N.B.

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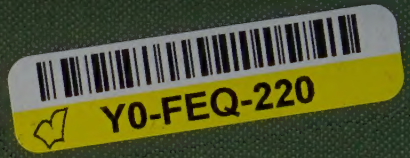
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